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FRONT COVER - Suzanne Dean

BACK COVER - Susan Burke

ART WORK

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|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Julie McKay | 44. David Best |
| 5. Julie McKay | 47. Raja Khurana |
| 6. John Syrota | 50. Vivek Verma |
| 14. Susan Burke | 51. Vivek Verma |
| 19. Suzanne Dean | 52. David Fox |
| 26. Suzanne Dean | 54. Vivek Verma |
| 27. Julie McKay | 56. David Fox |
| 35. Raja Khurana | 58. Suzanne Dean |
| 37. Wajid Hamid | 64. Julie McKay |
| 40. Susan Burke | |

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HEADMASTER'S REPORT

We have emerged from the trials and tribulations associated with the merger and the temporary split-site situation, and this year has seen the School progress in a very pleasing way. The foundations have been laid, well laid we believe. Everyone has been aware of the need to establish the new School's good name and status, and the achievements in this issue of the Swan are a measure of our success. The magazine also reflects in miniature the life of the School in these eventful days.

The summer of 1983 saw the final evacuation of the Twinches Lane building. Sad though this was, and particularly so for many past High School members, we can now appreciate the considerable benefits of a single-site school as opposed to a split-site one.

We commenced the Autumn Term 1983 with 756 pupils (492 boys and 246 girls) on roll, including a Sixth form of 218.

In September we welcomed three new members of Staff: Mr. J.D. Coppen to teach Physics, Miss C.B. Dowds for Modern Languages and Mr. M. Gajdus, who returns to the Mathematics Department. Mr. Coppen is no stranger to Slough having taught at St. Bernard's Convent School and Langley College. Miss Dowds joined us from Bexley Technical High School for Girls. Unfortunately her stay is a short one as she has recently been appointed to be Health Education Officer at the Chalfonts National Centre of Epilepsy, Chalfont St. Peter. Mr. Gajdus has studied and served here before and we are delighted to have him back with us.

At the end of the Autumn term we said farewell to Mr. M. Kernoghan. He had taught Physical Education and English here since May 1979, and has now moved to the Piggott School, Wargrave. Mr. C.C. Gill succeeded Mr. Kernoghan. Mr. Gill has recently qualified at Liverpool University.

This term, in addition to Miss Dowds we are losing Mrs. H. Day, Miss E.A. Nair and Mrs. F. Senior. Mrs. Day was appointed to Slough High School in 1972 and became Head of Physics Department in 1978. We are indeed sorry to lose her. Mrs. Nair, a valued part-time member of the Classics Department since September 1981 is going to teach at the Red Maids School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.

Mrs. Senior has been with us for all too brief a stay, since 1982, and now takes on a more responsible post as Head of Home Economics at Garth Hill School, Bracknell. We will miss her keenness and enthusiasm.

Mrs. A.K. Orchard is to reduce her teaching time with us. I am delighted to be retaining her services in the English and Classics Departments, albeit part-time, for the coming year. Mrs. M. Hughes has gained secondment for one year allowing her to attend a special Counselling Course at Reading University.

During the year we have had the services of the French and German

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HEADMASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

Assistants Mlle. Francoise Seignobos and Fraulein Kirsten Sindt. To both we express our thanks and best wishes on their return to their respective countries.

Finally among Staff changes we must record with regret the retirement of Mrs. M.I. Dickey who had served Slough High School as School Secretary since 1968, before coming to Upton.

The Head Girl for the session 1983-84 has been Elizabeth Lake, and the Head Boy Edward Wickens. They have served the School exceptionally well over a crucial period.

Our warmest congratulations to Alice Fowler and Miles Lawson on gaining entry to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Alice will read Modern Languages and Miles is to read History. Congratulations also to Neeraj Kapur on being awarded an R.A.F. Flying Scholarship. He will be studying at Imperial College, London. David Petrie increases our list of students who over the years have gained academic awards linked with sport. David has a Tennis Scholarship to Evansville University, U.S.A., commencing September 1984.

The GCE 'O' and 'A' level results 1983 seemed to be unaffected by the merger and were maintained at a pleasing level, comparing very favourably with similar schools.

The School Assemblies this year have been markedly more interesting and purposeful due to the refreshing approach of Mr. Thistlewood. Many members of the School are supporting his plan to 'adopt' a nine-year old girl in the Third World country of Mali, West Africa.

It has been an outstanding year for our teams in the wide variety of sports and other competitions. The Soccer 1st XI completed their season holding the Berkshire U-19 Walsh Cup, the Bucks & Berks Gibbs Cup, and sharing first place in the Inter-schools league. The U-15s won the District Pusey Cup for the third successive year. The U-17 Cross Country team finished top of their league, and the girls excelled in the District Athletics.

In other areas of competition, Public Speaking, Road Safety, Crime Prevention, Art and Music our members have done well. The victory of the Crime Prevention team in the Thames Valley final was so well deserved, and the Road Safety trophy has now been held continuously by S.H.S., S.G.S., and U.G.S. for the past sixteen years.

As one might expect, drama and play-production have benefited from the School becoming co-educational. There have been plays by House and Junior Drama Groups as well as the main School production "The Sea". All were enjoyed. At the end of the Autumn Term we experienced an unprecedented number of pre-Christmas activities which varied from "Top of the Pops" to the traditional service of Readings and Carols at St. Mary's Church. Most of these events also raised money for charity.

Skiing parties have enjoyed their trips to Northern Italy, and those going to Russia this summer are looking forward to what promises

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HEADMASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

to be a most interesting tour, the itinerary including Berlin, Moscow and Leningrad.

The Chairman of the Parents' Association this year is Mrs. C.B. Smith. We are grateful to the Association for their continued efforts on behalf of the School. Their hard work in raising money is appreciated, as is their provision of refreshments at Parents' Evenings and other functions.

It is pleasing to note that the Old Paludians Associations are still thriving. The Ladies' Reunion attracted good support again this year, and the Old Boys are celebrating the 60th Anniversary of the formation of their football club.

I conclude on a note of sadness, having just heard of the death of Mr. T. Anderson, aged 91. Mr. Anderson was Senior Master of Slough Grammar School for many years and served as Headmaster for the period between the resignation of Mr. Clarke and the appointment of Dr. Long. Many past pupils and staff remember him with respect and affection.

G.H. Painter
Head Master.

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COMMUNITY SERVICE - 'THIS ISN'T ANYTHING SPECIAL'

I do not understand why people think that community service and what they are doing in it is 'special'. For example, why is it 'special' to go out of your way to help somebody less fortunate than yourself? I tend to think that everybody has an obligation to help other people - anybody, in fact - but obviously the main ones should be those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

I think the whole problem with 'society' today, is that, we've been conditioned to believe that we are doing something special if we do some form of 'community service' - for instance organising any event like a 'marathon' or some other sponsored activity. If someone organises or takes part in such an event of course they are praised. But should we really care about hearing about it? We just care about doing it, which is the most important thing by far.

If it were something which everybody did, then it would not be considered anything 'special', which is how it should be. For example, a 'marathon' was organised recently by twelve upper sixth formers which raised £160 for the 'Save the Children Fund' and nobody much - quite rightly - ever knew anything about it.

It is important, I think, that everybody gets involved in helping other people by such events and in other ways too.

What I have written, I feel, will be pointless, if it does not encourage people to help others. The main point about all this is as simple as the mere fact that they need the money and the help much more than we do.

Written by a pupil of this School - no name given.

THE CAROL SERVICE



It seems very traditional to put on a service of Nine Lessons and Carols; and yet this tradition is a modern one, starting in this century in King's College, Cambridge under the inspiration of the Dean, Eric Milner-White. The purpose was to look at the meaning of the Christmas story by using nine lessons from the Old and New Testaments of the Christian Bible. Between the lessons, carols were to be sung. We usually think of it the other way round - carols with lessons in between.

It was a tribute to the original purpose of the service that the lessons were read so beautifully in St. Mary's on the last Thursday of the autumn term. Each lesson was read with clarity and meaning.

The music is vitally important too. The tradition began in a Chapel with a tradition for fine singing. So did our school choir under the expert guidance of Mr. Bower do justice to the musical tradition behind the service. The lofty beauty of St. Mary's helped, but nothing can make up for the sheer hard work of practice beforehand. The concentration and discipline needed for a service of one and a half hours is tremendous. I don't think it would be invidious to pick out the solo work of Andrew Watts. This was supported by delightful singing in a variety of carols old and new.

The unanimity of favourable comments was a further tribute to the success of the evening. Our grateful thanks to the organist and to all who worked behind the scenes, preparing programmes, organising the taking of the collection and the switching on and off of the microphone in the right places!

M.J.T.

THE OLD PEOPLE'S PARTY

A few weeks before the 13th December, Mrs. Broadgate asked her form if they would like to help with the old people's party. Lots of hands went up - especially when she added that we would miss the last three lessons of the day!

5W (Mrs. B's illustrious form!) decided to allow the female members of 5 Gray to aid them in the organisation of the party.

Well, many lunchtimes were spent planning the party and everyone showed great enthusiasm (including a few male members of staff who contributed to the cooking!)

The organising committee decided to include decorations in the day's festivities and so Mr. Bryan was approached. He consented to our use of paper and his room.

When the 13th December dawned, the cookery room began to fill with food, and after 12.30, people.

Sandwiches had to be put onto plates, as did cakes and sweets. When this had been done, all the food had to be transferred to the dining room, whilst entertainment was being provided in the main hall.

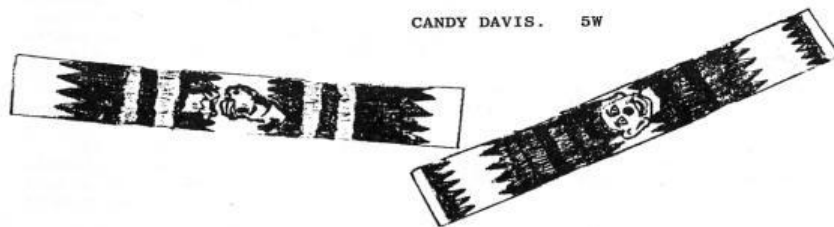
This entertainment consisted of traditional Christmas carols (conducted by Jacqui Taylor) and a um more modern view of 'The Twelve Days of Christmas'. This latter 'work of art' was performed by male members of the Sixth Form who shall remain nameless. (I hope the goose has improved his method of egg-laying which looked most uncomfortable when last seen!)

Well, back to the food It was set out on tables (all decorated individually) and the old people were shown to a place. Whilst they were eating, they were plied with cups of tea and offered cakes and sandwiches, which they could not eat!

Well, they seemed to enjoy themselves and one old gentleman made a lovely speech thanking all for their hard work. It was not long afterwards that they went home clutching their presents and napkins full of food.

Many thanks go to the staff for their organisation and help, and to the members of the school who contributed so generously to the appeal for money. Let's hope next year is just as successful.

CANDY DAVIS. 5W



THE LIBRARY

There was no article about the library in last year's magazine because during last summer term the future shape of the library was still to be finalized. The amalgamation of the two libraries will finally be completed at the end of this school year.

During the year of the change-over, while the school functioned on a split site, the intention was to leave the two libraries intact. The advantage of this was to allow both school libraries to function normally to minimise the disruption of the change-over; the disadvantage of this decision was that the physical transfer of five thousand books had to be completed in one half term. In fact it took all of that half term and a fortnight of the summer holiday to complete the redesign of the Upton Library and transfer the stock.

Fortunately the High School shelving was free-standing and could be set up in the library area to allow the three main sections, fiction, non-fiction and reference, to continue in a coherent, consecutive order. This did limit the seating capacity but allowed room for forty seats which caters adequately for class sizes or private study numbers.

At the beginning of the school year all the books were ready for use; they had been accessioned, stamped and processed. Problematic classification areas, particularly in English and foreign literatures were standardized as the first task. By the end of this school year the catalogues and indexes should be fully up to date.

The change-over did allow an opportunity for a close look at all the stock and updating and streamlining took place to some extent. Unfortunately the process also showed the gaps in certain areas which we are working to fill, at least as far as rising costs will allow. I would like to thank the Berkshire County Library Service for their help here particularly in the fiction section. The county librarian for the Slough area has mounted one exhibition and others are likely later. At the end of this year we hope to audit and revise all the county stock.

A reserve system is in operation and a regular display of new books appears in the window of the library office. In addition to this we are trying to display more of the fiction for our readers. The library carries a catalogue of the video-tapes available for staff use and by the end of this term we will also have an up to date catalogue of audio tapes that can be borrowed by pupils.

I would like to thank Mrs. Whatling for all her efforts in the day to day running of the library but particularly for all the extra work she has put in to assist the change-over. I am also grateful for the help of many members of staff, particularly for lunch time supervision, and to those pupils who have helped in the library during the course of this year.

I usually finish my account with an appeal and this year is no exception. If any pupils or parents have magazines or books for which they have no further use we are always happy to consider them for the library. Magazines, like the Sunday supplements, or paperbacks are always especially welcome. After the trials of the last year we certainly have a large, well stocked library but there are always gaps to be filled as we try to keep up to date.

A.M.

GRAY HOUSE REPORT

The sparkling Gray House spirit has shone throughout the school year 1983-84 with continuous enthusiasm. Perpetuating our tradition, we have exceeded the standards laid down by past Gray House generations, but we have maintained the reputable honour embodied in our name.

The scorching summer of 1983 plagued the Junior Sports' Day, but the Gray team proved the envy of the whole School, even Hampden! Cool refreshments were provided by Elizabeth Lake and Denise Kemble for our superb competitors, unlike the other Houses who could only drool!

At the end of the summer, the victorious Gray House Junior basketball team organised by Dominic Anderton, having crushed all opposition on its way to the top, including Hampden, were pitted against the pitiful Staff team. Gray naturally gained an impressive 6-0 lead over their whimpering opponents, who could only resort to underhand methods of play! resulting in their ill-gotten victory.

This year soccer and hockey matches were again due to take place and Gray was the first to organise trials, imitated by Hampden and the other Houses. Neil Fox and Rajnesh Bhargava initiated this idea. In the senior soccer our team did very well, turned out for all their matches, played with characteristic style and were just beaten into third place.

The 2 Gray Christmas party of 1983 was a hit with fun games, organised by Elizabeth Lake and Mrs. Swann, a limitless abundance of food, and live music, provided by the Exiles. 2 Gray would like to say a big thank-you to the Staff, the prefects and everyone else who made the party the success it was and we hope this tradition continues within the House.

Last year's second form took part in one of the more interesting Thespian spectacles brought to us in the form of a drama festival, at the end of the school year. This festival involved the production of four plays staged by each of the then second forms. 2 Gray's creative ability dominated the festival, with its outstanding contribution - "Microbrain", written by Ravinder Bansal and starring in its lead role Jason Creak. Co-stars included Rachel Harris and Michael Agtani. The spoof James Bond theme prevailed, the witty script generated excitement and the whole class was involved in and thoroughly enjoyed producing it.

Again this year, several members of 61Gray took part in the Young Enterprise Scheme including A. Croxon, N. Banurji, P. Jewell, M. Norbury and P. Dhami and we hope that they have gained experience in the business world. As usual, Gray House's lower school, proved their academic superiority by winning the coveted "Work House Trophy". We would like to thank our esteemed Head Girl, Elizabeth Lake, for her loyalty and devotion in leading Gray House to the light at the end of the tunnel.

This year's School production of "The Sea" exploited the "weird and wonderful" Thespian talents of our one and only Jason Creak of 3G, as

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GRAY HOUSE REPORT (cont'd)

a deranged, religious eccentric, in the role of Hatch. He was strongly supported by Jonathan Williams, who played the part of a yokel, called Wad Thompson, Frances Haskell and Elizabeth Maunder adding poise and enchantment. Behind the scenes activity was dominated by the technical and creative ingenuity from senior members of Gray House, namely Kevan Campbell - scenery designer, Peter Jewell, Gavin Gilfedder and Iqbal Siddiqui - lighting engineers and Ciaran Davis - stage crew member.

There are just a few words of farewell, which need to be said, to Mr. Rieley, on behalf of 62 Gray. Since September 1982, he has helped us along the sometimes rocky road of Sixth form life. Whenever we needed advice or help of any kind, he was always there, despite the loss of form period this year. He has displayed honesty, experience and a sense of humour which will be sadly missed by us, in the years to come. "May you be in Heaven a thousand years before the Devil knows you are dead."

On the same lines of sentiment, we would like to thank all of the Gray House staff - Mr. Dutton, Miss Saunderson, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Davies, Mrs. Swann, Mrs. Bowater, Mrs. Broadgate, Mrs. Nair, Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Day and last, but not least, Mrs. Massen, for their invaluable guidance over the last year.

We would like to wish everyone in Gray House, success in the future, especially those taking 'A' and 'O' levels this summer. The Gray House spirit is reflected in that well known quotation from Grantland Rice of America "For when the one great scorer comes to write against your name, it matters not that you won or lost but how you played the game."

NICK BANURJI & CLIVE MISKIN. 61G

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HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT

As we approach the end of our first year as a fully integrated co-educational House, we can look back on a year of triumphant victories and hard fought struggles. Together we have created a new image of the Hampden sportsman - or sportsperson - biceps bulging, games skirt flapping, hockey stick raised, basketball bouncing, the Hampden war cry on our lips

Our teams were extremely successful in House competitions. We won the boys' cross-country overall; the senior basket-ball, greatly to the credit of Emil Gaynor; the senior girls' tennis and badminton. In the cricket, we came second with excellent support from the junior players; Stephen Tarn and Philip Little were particularly outstanding. We won the intermediate indoor hockey with special thanks to Carolyn Yule and Navdeep Duhra.

Academically we can congratulate ourselves as we were top-overall.

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HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT (cont'd)

We would also like to congratulate Alice on her Oxbridge success.

As retiring House Captains we would like to thank everyone in the House for helping to make this such a memorable year for Hampden. We would like to thank our members of staff who have given their support and encouragement, particularly Mr. James.

Finally we would like to wish Hampden House every success in the future and good luck to all taking 'O' and 'A' levels this summer.

MADHURI DHATT & EDWARD WICKENS. 62 HA.

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THE "ALTERNATIVE" HERSCHEL HOUSE REPORT

Now that I have been given the highest honour in the school (??), the writing of the Herschel House report, I think I can now finally leave (sighs of relief), well chuffed and feeling pretty pleased with myself. And what a year it's been! Guided by the newly ordained Reverend Mr. Cullingworth (House Master and underworld ring-leader), the House has tried its hardest to help those less fortunate than ourselves the poor, the needy, Milton, Gray and Hampden. In our efforts, we have given them the highly acclaimed Sports trophies, (yes, the lot of 'em), the inter-House football and even Sports' Day (how generous can we get??). As part of our well co-ordinated plot we now allow the other Houses to sit back in a state of drunken euphoria while we wipe the board next term (clever, eh!) Having said this, special mention must be given to our budding sportsmen: Warren Day for his prolific goal-scoring for the First XI as well as Chris Redrup and John Harnett who have also excelled in the team.

Sports aside, Herschel has also produced members of the successful crime prevention team (what a versatile House!) namely P. Woolley and S. Darigala who have lead the School to victory in the Thames Valley Championships. And, for those of a more literary leaning, R. Sharma, P. Sumra and B. Aggarwal have represented the House in the public-speaking competition. No wonder our House is respected so much, with the wide talents that members hold. I'm surprised school teams even consider people outside our House! Meanwhile, members of the Upper Sixth have also been busy raising money for the third world and even seals in Canada, organised by "Boggy" Birly of course.

Let us not forget that we are a School (yes!!!) and Herschel House members continue to do well academically with good 'O' level results last year, as well as a pleasing number of 'A' merits (we don't need to give out Mars Bars instead to make up the numbers! Pretty low comment, eh Mr. Rogers?)

Here, I conclude the Herschel House report but before I sign off,

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THE "ALTERNATIVE" HERSCHEL HOUSE REPORT (cont'd)

thanks must go to Miss Baker, Mr. Cullingworth and their colleagues for being most efficient House tutors (not surprising as the other Houses are lead exclusively by arts graduates!) By the way, please send all libels, complaints, etc. to Mr. Blagrove as I just happen to be leaving this year (well, after this report, one fears for one's life).

Keep it up Herschel House, and to you others DON'T MESS WITH THE BEST BECAUSE THE BEST DON'T MESS!

TANWEER IKRAM. 62 HE.

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MILTON HOUSE REPORT

Once again the tremendous task of compiling the Milton House Report has arrived. How does one relate the sheer excellence achieved by this House, over the past few terms, into a few lines!

House Assemblies once again have been a focal point of the House and now both schools are fully combined, we have had many original and enjoyable themes from both Mr. Rogers and Miss Dewar, with many good contributions from individual members.

The girls have achieved excellent results and showed much determination and spirit, winning both the indoor and outdoor hockey fixtures in the senior group. The annual inter-House soccer matches also saw Milton as champions in the senior section. Our cross-country runners have also done well, coming first in two out of the three year groups. Of course, team support is essential and once again Milton was well supported by pupils and staff.

We welcomed Mr. Gajdus back this year and I was glad to see that he still possesses that prince of cars - a Ford Escort. Well done Sir!!

Academically it has been a good period for us also. Milton achieved the largest number of overall merits in a long time.

Has Neeraj really got wings?

Milton also entered wholeheartedly into the entertainment business with the organisation of "Miss Upton Grammar" and also "Play your Cards Right". It certainly was intriguing to see how members of staff dress in their spare time and those who paid for the privilege, helped to raise a large sum for charity. We would like to express our congratulations to Katie, whose leading role in the School Play gave us such pleasure. Well done!

It is difficult to mention all the names of those who have worked for the House - many thanks - not least of all to our House "parents" -

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MILTON HOUSE REPORT (cont'd)

and also to Mr. Thistlewood, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Fallows, Mr. Gajdus and Mr. Warren.

PETER MELROSE. 62 M.

We feel that this first "real" year of Upton Grammar, on the same site, has been very successful for Milton House - long may it continue!!

M.A.D. & D.A.R.

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PARENTS' ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES 1983/4

This has been a busy but interesting year for the Parents' Association since the A.G.M. in October. We have organised several new events, the first being a Car Boot Sale on 6th November 1983 which was successful and raised £56. The Chain Store rejects sale on 29th November 1983 had nearly 200 customers and raised £175 for our funds.

At Christmas the Association had 200 diaries printed, with the School name, which the students purchased through the School.

Social events were not successful last year, so a questionnaire was sent out to parents for their choice of events. On the basis of those returned, we organised a Barn Dance in February. Pam and Dennis Maunder (also parents) hosted a wonderful evening for a hundred guests, who danced and ate a Fish and Chip supper for the princely sum of £2.

April 8th was the date of our second Car Boot Sale which raised a further £73.

Thirty parents and friends enjoyed a theatre outing on April 27th. The two shows visited were "Singing in the Rain" and "Evita".

Teas have been regularly provided by our staunch catering committee at school events and parents' association events alike.

The School Fete is the biggest event of our fund raising and this year, thanks to a fine day and Barbara Sable who organised the fete, we raised the magnificent sum of £1000, for a Lighting Control System for the School.

Our other contributions to the School this year have been Hockey Team skirts, equipment for the new photography room and money for the School Merit prizes. Parents may be interested to learn that these contributions are over £1000. We can only help the School in this way with the help of you all. My own thanks to a very supportive committee, the secretary Mary Flannery, the treasurer Malcolm Stead, and all parents, teachers and friends who have been involved in any way with our projects this year.

Mavis Smith
(Chairman - Parents' Association)

THE OLD PALUDIANS (BOYS)

I do not think there could be a better way of beginning this contribution from the Old Pals than to recall the School football match and subsequent party which took place at the Clubhouse on 29 March 1984. I know that all taking part thoroughly enjoyed it, and I hope that it will serve as a reminder of the purpose which lies behind the activities of the Old Paludians. I also hope that it will lead to a greater use of the Clubhouse and facilities, which are there for the exclusive use of pupils and former pupils of the Grammar School. At present, it will be known that football and cricket are our chief activities, and it is pleasant to mention that the football club, in its 60th anniversary year, goes on from strength to strength, after gaining promotion last season. They won their division by six clear points, and eliminated one of their chief local rivals, Phoenix Old Boys, in an annual trophy match. At the end of last season they have achieved 24 points from 20 games, finishing just behind the divisional champions. This is also an opportunity to pay particular thanks to Stuart Inger and Colm Gill for being so enthusiastic towards the Old Paludians, by encouraging members to come forward and play for our teams and to use the facilities. We are always pleased to have the opportunity of meeting new members, and whilst at present we do not have non-sporting activities, I would like to think these would be forthcoming in the future.

John Mabbott
Deputy Chairman, Old Paludians

THE OLD PALUDIANS ASSOCIATION (GIRLS)

The Annual Reunion of the Old Paludians was held in March 1984, at Upton Grammar School. This was the first time that the event had not been held at the Slough High School building, and the Committee was concerned that the support for the association would not survive the change. They need not have worried. Although numbers were not as high as in 1982 and 1983 when the School was about to close, they were well above those of earlier Reunions.

The future of the association was an issue uppermost in members' minds, and engendered much discussion during the Annual General Meeting. It was decided that as recruitment of both male and female members could be difficult for a few years, it would be better if a new old pupils association were formed. Elizabeth Lake, Head Girl and thereby member of the committee, had already taken soundings on the opinions of the Sixth Formers, and had found sufficient support to go ahead with plans for a meeting in September 1984, to discuss the formation of a new association. The Old Paludians were prepared to give financial help and whatever support might be necessary to get it off the ground. It was felt that such groups were not fully appreciated until some years after leaving school, but were more difficult to establish at that stage. The existence of a nucleus of communicating members, linked with the school, provided a base for future activities.

The Old Paludians members expressed a wish to retain close links with the new School, and would continue to take an interest in its activities. They also hoped that in the fullness of time the associations would become one. There will, after all, be a centenary to celebrate in 2012, and that would need the combined efforts of School and Old Paludians.

Barbara Rigby (Kent). Former Secretary.

THE YOUNG ENTERPRISE SCHEME

Last September Mr. Hughes first made us aware of the Young Enterprise Scheme. This is a scheme which offers young people a chance to prepare themselves for working life after school. It does this by providing an opportunity of operating real-life industrial enterprise with real business problems and practical solutions.

The Young Enterprise Scheme is a part-time activity lasting for eight months. Participation is voluntary and totally unconnected with school work.

Our Young Enterprise Company is sponsored by the Southern Electricity in Chalvey. This means that they provide volunteers with experience of industry and commerce to help guide the steps of our company management, sharing their knowledge of accountancy, production management, and salesmanship with us.

Our company consists of twenty-eight enthusiastic young business persons. The first task to be undertaken was the setting up of the company, considering what products we should manufacture, and what name we should call ourselves. We also had to elect a board of management; raise capital by selling 'shares'; appoint executives, organise production and, most importantly, sell our products in order to make a profit.

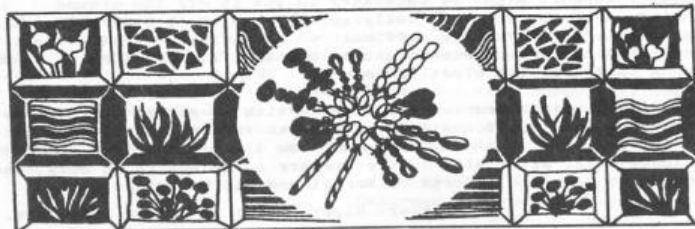
After much discussion in the Boardroom, there was an overwhelming majority vote to call the company "SEBUGS". This was derived from Southern Electricity Board/Upton Grammar School. After carrying out some market research, we decided to manufacture ear-rings and ceramic tiles, products which we felt would appeal to a wide range of the market.

Soon efficient production techniques were put into action, and we were producing at a rate of ten pairs of ear-rings and five ceramic tiles per week.

At the end of our business year, we hope to pay our shareholders a dividend of the profits - that's if we make any profit; otherwise we will have to explain the reasons for our business failure.

I would recommend participation in a Young Enterprise Scheme, for anyone wishing to become a "high flying business person" when he or she leaves school. The experience has helped us all gain a broader understanding of what business is about and how it works. We are also more aware of the career opportunities that the business world has to offer.

AMANDA CROXON. 61G.



GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP 1983

The trip to Juniper Hall Field Centre, near Dorking in Surrey, took place in October 1983.

A party of 'A' Level geographers, accompanied by Mr. Cuthbert, left school on Friday 7th unaware of the hard work ahead of them. We had been told by people who had been on field trips before that we would have a lot to do in the week, but the day's work beginning at about nine o'clock and not finishing until about ten to ten thirty at night was not what we had expected.

Nevertheless the fun we had during the day made up for the long hours. Led by Maggie, our multi-coloured, slightly eccentric and very enthusiastic tutor, we spent our six days doing both human and physical geography field work. Our activities ranged from wading around in rivers to picking up pebbles from the beach, and from talking to local farmers about the EEC, to asking people various questions in Guildford and on Box Hill. Although slightly embarrassed at first to ask complete strangers questions such as what they liked about Box Hill, or where they had come from to do their shopping, we soon realised that it was both useful to the course, and that some of the responses were real gems!

I think that the day we spent in rivers was generally considered the most enjoyable. The majority of us got wet, and some were completely drenched, but although we returned to Juniper Hall cold, wet and hungry, we all agreed that it had been a very good day.

Night-life was very much restricted on the whole owing to the masses of work Maggie piled on us. But this is not to say there was no night-life.

A television in the common room provided visual stimulation, while the more energetic could play darts or table-tennis. Most people, for some unknown reason, became very thirsty in the evenings and the most popular evening pursuit, was the sampling of the local brew at the nearest pub.

As soon as work finished, small posses could be seen running down dark lanes - where a torch was essential - at about the same time every evening towards the pub. Here we could have a good joke and recharge ourselves at the same time, for the rigours of the next day.

In order to get back to Juniper Hall before it was locked up at eleven p.m., we would invariably have to run, roll or even fly back quickly. Some of us would on these occasions sing the "Juniper Hall Rap" created by Marcello Bonifacii, Adam Chandler, Warren Day and Paul Gaynor using a Grandmaster Flash melody. Involving real characters, like Lynda Flynn, it encompassed many of our trials and tribulations during the week.

On leaving Juniper Hall after the tutoring of our multi-coloured, slightly eccentric and very enthusiastic Maggie Jarman, who by the end of the week was (in most cases) loved by all, everybody had achieved something. We had all improved our practical geography skills, and although exhausted (no thanks to the long days and midnight feasts!) agreed we had spent a very valuable week in Surrey.

ELIZABETH LAKE & PAUL GAYNOR.

WORK OBSERVATION WITH THE POLICE

Both myself and Amanda Portsmouth had volunteered to do "Work Observation" for one week at Slough Police Station. When we arrived there on Monday we were shown around the Station by P.C. Stratton. He showed us all three floors, which included the places where we were going to spend some time i.e. Traffic Warden's Office, The Control Room, The Scenes of Crime Department and the Cafe. After lunch we went to the Traffic Warden's Office to see with whom we were going to go out and "nick" the cars. We were split up and Amanda went with a mad Irish Warden to patrol the High Street and Church Street and I was to patrol High Street East, Burlington Avenue and Stoke Road. We were kept busy for two and a half hours booking many people. After we had finished we went to the "Burger Bar" to have a cup of tea with the other wardens, as that is their "hang-out".

Tuesday was going to be the most exciting and enjoyable day because we were going out in the Panda cars all day. Again we were split up and I went out with a P.C. Sylvester. The first thing we had to do was to go and get a statement from a girl of 17 about a shoplifter and it seemed apparent to me that shoplifters take up quite a lot of the Police time. We next had to go to the car park above Slough Bus Station to help a lady locked out of her car and so we had to break into it. We got in with no trouble and the lady was grateful. We had to go to Manor Park afterwards to arrest a man for theft but when we got there he was not in although he could have been hiding somewhere. For the next hour we patrolled the High Street, Farnham Road, Manor Park and the Uxbridge Road and all we did was to tell people to get off the pavement and ride on the road (naughty people). We were then travelling along Windsor Road towards Eton College when a message came through on the radio that a mugging had taken place outside Upton Hospital. I couldn't believe it as it was about mid-day. When we got there the lady gave us his description and where he ran. We then went back down Windsor Road and turned into Herschel Park but although we went through the park we couldn't spot him anywhere. After lunch I was taken out with another Officer and the first thing we had to deal with was a 'flasher'. We had to bring him in from Eton. Later we had to deal with a suspected kidnap, a missing 4 year old boy, shoplifters (again!!) and enquiries about different things.

Wednesday morning both Amanda and myself went to Iver Police Station to see how the Crime Prevention and Road Safety was run. The general aim for this department is to get through to children from 5 to 16 not to commit crime and the main way nowadays is to show a video about children committing crime i.e. Shoplifting, Vandalism, Stealing cars and by this they hope to put children off. Also they give lectures and design posters which are effective. In the afternoon we were both due to go into the Control Room but instead Amanda went out in a Patrol car (again!) I stayed in the Control Room and learnt how things work, what the call signs mean and some laws. All afternoon we had many calls coming in about accidents, lost property, vehicles stolen and one woman came through on the 999 line saying she had been attacked by her husband and when the officer said when did this happen she replied last week!! and of course people were ringing up with bogus accidents. The (so called) "High-light" of my afternoon was when a Police Officer was just taking a shoplifter out of a shop, when the man broke free and ran down the High Street and back in the Control Room the Sergeant was giving orders to circle in around the High Street but the thief escaped.

/cont'd

WORK OBSERVATION WITH THE POLICE (cont'd)

At 9.00 a.m. of Thursday morning we both went to the Administrations and Prosecutions. This is where they issue warrants for people. At 10.00 a.m. we went to the Slough Magistrates' Court and we went into the Adult Court, Court 1. During the three hours that we were there there were many cases, including drink and driving, drunk and disorderly, grievous bodily harm and actual bodily harm, theft and, of course, shoplifters. The fines ranged from £20 for drunks to £3,000 for stealing. This was an interesting experience, although we did get sore rear-ends. In the afternoon we were to have gone to the Scenes of Crime Department but they were all going to London to deal with a murder enquiry, so we were "privileged?" to go to the C.I.D. for an hour. Here we learnt about how they investigate burglaries and forgeries. The only other place that we could go afterwards was back down to the Control Room.

On Friday we were supposed to have gone to the Police Training College at Sulhampstead, Reading but as it was Good Friday we could not go there, as it was closed. To finish I would like to say that it was a very worth-while experience and it showed me what the job was really like and I would strongly advise any fifth formers next year to ask the Careers' teachers about any opportunities for work observation or experience.

MARCEL DEVEREUX. 5HA.

WORK EXPERIENCE AT BARCLAYS BANK

During the Easter holiday, we both went for a week's Work Experience, on different weeks, at Barclays Slough West branch.

The friendly atmosphere boosted our confidence. Everyone went out of their way to help us.

The first and second days were spent behind the scenes - in the machine room dealing with cheques, terminal computers and incoders, accounts, credits and debits. The last two days we were downstairs with the money! We helped the cashiers, foreign cashier, personal banker and also talked to the Assistant Manager, Mr. Martin.

Our experience was both enlightening and very valuable and gave us some idea of the total amount of work that is actually done, not just what can be seen over the counter.

We would like to thank all the bank staff who made our visit so worthwhile.

HELEN CARROLL - CHERYL COLLIER. 5B.

SCHOOL ASSEMBLIES

In our School assemblies we try to involve as many people as possible and as many ideas as possible. A number of staff and pupils have taken assemblies themselves and many more have suggested ideas which have been used in the preparation. We make use of different types of music, readings, and prayers in order to express the things about which we feel deeply. I am most grateful to all who have helped in any way.

M.J. Thistlewood.

SAILING TRIP TO POOLE, DORSET
(29th May - 4th June, 1983)

We were all told to meet outside school at 4.00 p.m. on 29th May. Everyone was there, apart from Chris Delaney but Mr. Nelson was kind enough to wait for him and brought him down in his car. The groups that went consisted of five fourth form boys (fifths now), Richard Joy from the thirds, five fourth form girls, quite a few third form girls and three from the second form. We had the great pleasure of taking Miss Darling, Mrs. Senior, Mr. Davies (Help!), Mr. Inger and Mr. Nelson.

When we arrived we were all allocated to our caravans (without teachers) which were six berth. Inside there was a living room which had two single beds, a cooker which we never used unless we wanted to dry our trainers (we put them in the oven!) Also there was a fridge. Next to this was the bathroom, a double bedroom and next to that a room which contained two bunks which Mark Harris (Muscles) and I had to share. That night we had our dinner down at the Cafe which was run by the club and afterwards we explored the surroundings.

Breakfast was served every morning between 7.00 and 8.00 a.m. and as I was usually first up I went round getting the rest up. Every morning of the week, after breakfast, we had a lesson (sounds like school) on the points of sail, how to manoeuvre a boat and first aid. There were to be six full days of sailing which were divided up as follows: three days would be spent sailing a Wayfarer, which is a sailing boat which can hold up to about five people, two days were to be spent in a Topper, which is a very small single-handed boat which measured five foot seven inches. Also these were very unstable boats and everyone got a ducking at least twice. The other day was split into two. The first half would be spent Windsurfing and the other half canoeing.

The weather then was exceptionally good and we had at least four good days of hot sunshine and so we all took off our t-shirts apart from the girls (boring!) and Paul Harrison had a nice red raw back (poor old Budgie). We had one bad night which had a thunderstorm and we thought it was going to blow the you know what out of the caravans but luckily it passed over. During the week we all got to know the third form girls (as they were still at Twinges Lane) especially Darren Joyce, Chris Delaney and Richard Joy! During the whole week there were not too many misadventures, apart from Fiona getting a hook through her hand, Michelle and myself breaking a window and Mark Harris going head over end down a cliff and cutting himself.

The last day (Saturday) was the best day. The weather that day was about 65°F to 70°F and everyone was there apart from Muscles who had gone to Cornwall for a week, probably to get over it! We were supposed to sail up the river to somewhere near Wareham but when we had gone about two hours the tide was too shallow, so we turned back. When Sasha Bates swapped from a Wayfarer to a canoe we decided to head for an island and of course Sasha could not keep up with us. She arrived for lunch about half an hour later.

On the way back to the club some of us decided to go swimming and

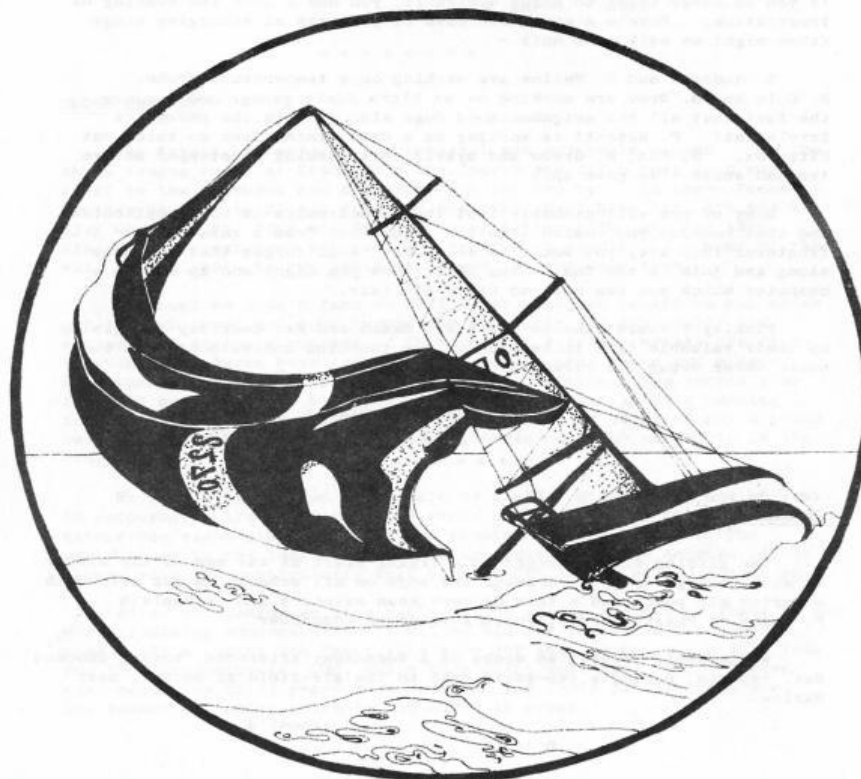
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SAILING TRIP TO POOLE, DORSET (cont'd)

also we held on behind a speedboat. We arrived back at the Sailing Club to change our wet clothes and pack everything away. Everyone was given a certificate depending on how we did and there were two awards, one for the best girl and the other for best boy and these were picked up by Sasha Bates (probably to cheer her up) and Richard Joy. Well done!

I'm sure that everyone would like me to thank Mr. Nelson for all the time he gave up organising the trip and we hope that the trip this year is just as good and we are all sorry that we cannot go (the fifths that is) because of 'O' Levels.

MARCEL DEVEREUX. SHA.



ELECTRONICS CLUB

If you're interested in electronics and computers (not Ataris) read on. If you're not - still read on. This article, in case you're wondering is about the Electronics Club - or the true meaning of frustration (more of that later).

The Electronics Club is well and truly on its way. After a few stutters the Club is now in top gear with a number of projects near completion.

In the Club we try to design and construct our own projects - the chances are that they won't work first time (unless you can work miracles!) Thus something which took one evening to build will probably take five weeks to debug. Once you've re-checked everything a hundred times, you finally realise you forgot to turn the power supply on! If you've never tried to debug a circuit, you don't know the meaning of frustration. Here's a quick run down of projects at debugging stage (they might as well give up!) -

G. Radburn and C. Pellow are working on a temperature probe. R. Opie and B. Drew are working on an Ultra Sonic garage door opener - the fact that all the neighbourhood dogs also come to the garage is irrelevant! P. Metcalf is working on a drum synthesiser so watch out Ultravox. S. Fox, S. Green and myself were working on stepper motors (we had sense - we gave up!)

Many of you will probably feel that electronics is too complicated and that because you couldn't tell a transistor from a capacitor (whatever they are) you won't be welcome. Well forget that and come along and join in the fun. You never know you might end up making a computer which you can sell to Clive Sinclair.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Mason and Mr. Courtney for giving up their valuable time in helping to run the Club and without whom we could never debug our circuits.

MOHAMMAD HASHIM. 62M.

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GLIDING CLUB

The gliding club took-off to a flying start at the end of the winter term. This gives Upton Grammar the edge on all schools in the area with superior air power and a team of very keen aviators led by Captain P. Mason of Physics Group, Upton's squadron commander.

We scramble every two weeks on a Wednesday afternoon, having checked Met. reports, making a sub-sonic dash to the air-field at Booker, near Marlow.

/cont'd

GLIDING CLUB (cont'd)

All our pilots are having the very best tuition from the instructors at Booker who have been flying ever since kites were invented.

Upton Squadron's track record is impeccable i.e. NO PRANGS!

The second of our senior (that means old) officers Flight Officer Rieley of Maths Group, (2 Bars and one discotheque!) is also our aerial photographer and produced some excellent reconnaissance photographs but found the bird life a bit of a hindrance.

On a more serious note - the gliding club offers a unique experience to members of the Sixth form, which is not only exhilarating but also beneficial to those who wish to take up flying on a more serious level (especially R.A.F.).

N. KAPUR. 62M.

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CROSS COUNTRY

The School has enjoyed a successful and enjoyable season. In the three league races at Black Park the fourth and fifth year team were first in their league and therefore won the trophy. In these races Matthew Benham was placed 4th, 2nd and 5th; Mark Esam 7th, 4th and 6th; Ajay Duggal 12th, 10th and 9th; Michael Bolton 13th, 8th and 12th. Six other runners took part and performed with credit; a number of them will be available to run again next year for the same team.

Although we didn't fare so well lower down the league we had teams out in each event and many turned out regularly and faithfully and worked hard at their running. This sort of attitude brings credit to the School. Seven boys turned out for third year races and eleven boys turned out for the second year races. Although the second year team did not achieve a high position, there was outstanding running from Colin Stewart who was first in each of the three races and a sound performance by Darren Mason who came 10th in one race and sixth in the other two.

We were very pleased to be able to field a girls' team and we want to encourage a tradition of girls cross country running in the School. Altogether eight girls took part in running for the School. The girls races in the league are an all age group and Jane Ambrose of the second year did particularly well to come 6th in the second league race.

After the league we were sadly hit by injury and two or three of our more promising runners were not fit to bid for places in the county team. As a result the Under 17's were not able to put out a full team for the Inter-Schools' Cup, which they might well have won. However the second and third years were rewarded for their faithfulness over the season by coming third in the Under 15 event.

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CROSS COUNTRY (cont'd)

We also took part in a friendly race at Princess Margaret Royal Free School, Windsor.

In spite of many absences through injury we did have three runners in an Inter-Area Race - Mark Esam, Michael Bolton, and Philip Little.

The Cross Country Club continues to meet on Mondays and Thursdays immediately after afternoon school. Just turn up with kit outside the gym and you will be most welcome - whether you are a four minute miler or a forty minute miler!

M.J.T.

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ROUND THE POLE FLYING CLUB! (R.T.P.)

The R.T.P. Club is a way of flying planes cheaply and effectively, indoors.

The planes are tethered by means of two wires, to a central pole. The speed of the plane's engine can be controlled by a hand held controller. The design of the planes is such that as the speed of the engine (and the plane) is increased, the plane gains height. Thus the height of the plane can be controlled by one hand held controller. With some practice effective climbs, dives and landings can be performed. For the more experienced flyer (who is prepared to risk his plane!) 'combat' flying is an exciting pastime.

The large engines take a lot of power and some engines take 3½ amps. The planes are of a varied, but usually simple, design and (excluding the motor) cost less than £2 to make.

R.T.P. flying is an exciting hobby and often hair-raising, as your plane hits a draught and has a bad case of the 'climb and dives'. Unless skilfully landed from the climb and dives a plane is usually grounded! (at least until next week!) However, combat flying provides the opportunity to see the "Red Baron" beaten, as your propellor chews its way through his trailing streamer.

R.T.P. Flying Club is held every Monday in the hall after school. See Dr. Whitehouse for more details of this thrilling hobby.

PAUL METCALF. 4HE.

* * * * *

SNOWDONIA '83

We met at the School and were ready to leave by 8.30 a.m., except Mr. Davies (or the 'native' as he became known when we got to Wales). Finally he arrived, to the relief of Mrs. Broadgate. The journey took about six hours but at last we got to the Youth Hostel in Bryn Gwynant.

The first day was a gentle stroll up the side of a vertical cliff, on one of the Snowdonian mountains and after about five hours we hobbled back to the minibus.

That night whilst at the pool table Messrs. Holmes, Whale and Welshman met three girls to whom they showed the finer points of pool (although if the truth is known it was the other way round).

The next day it was raining very heavily so we decided a short non-mountainous stroll was called for so we went to the nearby village of Beddgelert. Our walk took us through a number of dis-used, pitch-black railway tunnels and we all kept falling over. Later we all bundled into a very small cafe, to the surprise of the owner who probably had very few customers.

That evening the rain had stopped so some of the party took the plunge - literally - and went for a swim in the nearby lake. It was absolutely freezing.

The following day we visited Porthmadog and went on the Ffestiniog Steam Railway. In the afternoon we went to the beach at Black Rock sands where Dr. Whitehouse demonstrated his untold talent on the football field - well fouling anyway.

The next day it rained again so we spent the day sightseeing once more, this time visiting Caernavon and some slate caverns. That night saw the departure of the three girls, so Paul, Andrew and Bob started planning what to do. Finally one asked when they were leaving.

"Four o'clock" came the reply, so our three intrepid lady-killers got up at three-thirty, sneaked out and went down to the bus stop. At seven-thirty as the rest of us were getting up they returned and we told them they had meant four p.m.

Thursday was the 'big day' when the weather finally cleared up enough to climb Snowdon. The tough lads (Mr. Davies, Paul, Bob, David, Andrew and Dr. Whitehouse) went up via Crib Goch, a ridge with a sheer drop on each side of a narrow path. The others took an easier route.

Friday was Michael Ball's birthday and the night before had seen the rest plotting for a suitable "present" - whether it should be a 'dip' in the lake or ice cubes down the back. But it turned out that Michael and Paul were both sick so the threats were not carried out.

In fact it was a great holiday and everyone enjoyed themselves (most are going again this year). We would all like to thank Mrs. Broadgate, Dr. Whitehouse and Mr Davies (even if he did snore) for organising it and making the trip such great fun.

The people who went were: Paul Holmes, Michael Ball, Bob Whale, Andrew Welshman, Lawrence Albertella, Kevin Nuden and David and Stephen Broadgate.

MICHAEL BALL. 5HA.

ROAD SAFETY 1983-84

HI FOLKS!

After the "retirement" of last year's highly successful "superteam", a new team was formed from members of the fourth and fifth forms. The team showed great enthusiasm and promise in the preparation for their first fixture: the first round against St. Bernard's.

We won this match rather convincingly and in the semi-final we came across our hardest opponents and arch rivals Langley Grammar. After a very close competition we won.

In the Slough final at the Town Hall we were pitted against Slough and Eton School. In a very tense, exhilarating and close final we came out tops with a score of 108 points to their 95. Indeed it is interesting to note that in the twenty seven or so years of the competition our new and old schools have, between them, kept the cup since 1968 (16 years).

The Thames Valley Competition started with the usual written examination. As we waited the agonising few weeks for the result, the team continued preparations. When we were told the result we found that we had come top of the Slough, Windsor, Bracknell and Maidenhead schools (with Langley Grammar second). This meant that we were through to the Thames Valley Final at Reading Police Station. In the Reading Final we played two other teams St. Gabriel's representing Newbury and Willink representing Reading. In the first round we took an early lead but lost this slight advantage in the second "buzzer round". After two rounds Upton Grammar and St. Gabriel's were level. This state of affairs continued until the end of the third round. In the fourth and final round the team had a quick telepathic conference and decided that, in order to make room for the Crime Prevention trophies we would "lend" the Thames Valley trophy to St. Gabriel's until next year. This was promptly done amidst threats of murder and bodily harm from some of our supporters, who did not share our viewpoint. (The team was later offered police protection).

I would like to thank Mr. Goodyear and P.C. Bush and the Members of the team for their enthusiasm and hard work. Finally I would like to thank Mr. Rogers for the great part he plays in our activities (a part not widely acknowledged).

R. SHARMA. 4HE.

N.B.

- 1) A Flashing amber traffic light does not follow green at a pelican crossing.
- 2) A Traffic warden cannot ask for your driving licence.
- 3) It is NOT a good idea to make murder threats in a Police Station.

The team:

R. Sharma, P. Samra, B. Aggarwal, V. Verma,
S. Seetheraman.

* * *

STOP PRESS: We recently heard the good news that five members of the School received "Highly Commended" awards for their Road Safety Posters in the 1984 Competition. They are Paul Rowley, John Searle, Michael Slade, Elizabeth Osborne and Douglas Thomas. Congratulations!

CRIME PREVENTION SERIES 1983/4

The season began in the Autumn of 1983, with several changes having been made to the side, and very little net practice having been managed. The lure of the krugerrand was enough to persuade several established international stars to offer to take the places of those who had by now hung up their pads, and so much of the close season break was spent in delicate negotiation between tour manager, Mr. Rogers, and possible players.

When the team took the field for a routine warm-up game against a team of inexperienced local players, it consisted of Test veteran Miles Lawson, the prolific scoring young Pakistani Khalid Barakat, the younger of the Darigala brothers, Sreenivas, and Peter Woolley, an all-rounder who promises even greater success than his elder brother Howard who is now purported to be earning a phenomenal amount commenting on Crime Prevention Quizzes for Kerry Packer's Channel 9 in Australia.

This opening match almost produced a shock outcome, as a result of a few dubious umpiring decisions, which the team were not slow to question. However, a victory was won, and the second one-day international was also won, by virtue of some well-hit sixes in round 3, and some well-run threes in round 2.

The team now had to fly to Eton College for the Slough Series Final, for which they wore bright pink kit and brought aluminium bats. Faith Brown umpired, and the team secured victory by one wicket (63 to the nearest team's 62). Even the observation round caused no problems once the sight screen had been moved.

The final fixture of the tour took place with half the team suffering from Delhi-belly. Ricky Briers, the Australian umpire, took the chair, as the team won the TSB sponsored Thames Valley Crime Prevention Quiz Final at the third attempt. Peter Woolley faced the last ball of the match requiring 3 to win: he flailed his bat, and an inside edge trickled along the ground to the boundary.

Ending A: In the audience, a soft Yorkshire accent confided to his neighbour, "Ee, don't this game remind you of rugby."

Ending B: Having received their trophies the team were able to fly back home, amidst allegations of pot-smoking and alcohol abuse at the post-match reception.

Ending C: Some of the players are still deep in negotiations with the Test Match authorities, as to the payment of their krugerrands.

MILES LAWSON. 62G.



PLAY REVIEW

Edward Bond's 'The Sea' proved to be a stimulating experience as this year's school play. Moments of high comedy contrasted with quiet philosophy, and black humour with the grim reality of death.

The sea itself dominated the foreground, its stark simplicity setting off the ornate drawing room, as the scenes shifted quickly from exterior to interior after a tempestuous opening. The sound effects showed the sea in all its moods, dwarfing the petty anger of the army's guns.

The play opened with a death but ended with new hope for the two most keenly affected. Simon Fitton and Suzanne Dean gave tightly controlled, effective expression to youth suddenly confronted with death - despairing, and confused by the other reactions around them. Jason Creak progressed splendidly from obsessive mania into outright madness, at first carrying the comic trio of gullible yokels with him. His provincial narrowness effectively showed the prejudice against the outsider, Evens, and the intruder, Willy.

Katie Froud as Mrs. Rafi dominated the central scenes as she should. Her direction of the play within the play showed all her life to be an act, and Miss Froud clearly revelled in the opportunity to overact but still managed to bring depth to the part as Mrs. Rafi suddenly showed a true reaction to the real death in a quietly spoken 'I was devoted to Colin', and later when she finally came to terms with the hollowness of her own existence. The irony of the play within the play, where art clearly does not mirror life, was carried into the funeral scene which Mrs. Rafi again tried to turn into a performance. Her attendant ladies, and the hapless vicar, provided excellent support, revealing the petty jealousies and vanity of their own lives as simulated experience moved them more than the real thing.

In the end, however, it was the humble philosophy of Evens that showed the truth, where Chris Salter gave a quietly dominating performance in the scenes on the beach. Evens's closeness to the sea set him apart from others but in touch with reality as the metaphor of the waters was explained. He showed the need for faith - suffering may be a universal language but 'life always wins'.

A.M.



AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT

What began as an idea to widen the acting experience of the second and third form junior drama groups developed, thanks to the efforts of four dedicated producers, into a full presentation of three plays, performed to an audience of a hundred and fifty, at the end of the Christmas term.

The third form group's performance of 'The Whole Truth' depended upon complete commitment by the cast, in building an atmosphere of tension as the play developed from a class rehearsing a drama project to a searing climax as reality took over from acting. The principals stepped into their roles effortlessly but perhaps the most impressive aspect of Mr. Fallows's direction was the concentration and awareness achieved by every member of the cast, however small the role.

In a sense, then, it might be considered inappropriate to pick out individuals for comment, but Tamlyn Bostock's changes of mood and Jane Osborne's command of the stage, in a 'cameo' performance as the mother, added both pathos and humour to a powerfully presented play.

If the mark of an actor is the ability to switch roles without apparent effort, then Jason Creak must be counted in that number; from a brash, loud-mouthed schoolboy in 'The Whole Truth' he took over a low-key, thoughtful role in Mr. Dutton's production of 'The Shepherd's Play'. The play made no pretence at following the traditional lines of school performances; the cast improvised around the bare bones of the story of Mac the thieving shepherd and his suspicious colleagues. Improvisations are notorious for their pitfalls when presented to an audience, but the cast avoided most of these by incorporating a variety of comic techniques from slapstick humour to groan-producing old jokes. The one criticism that could be levelled was really not one of the cast's own making; there was always bound to be difficulty in a transition from the natural dialogue to the rather stilted rhyming couplets with which the play finished.

The evening ended with a performance of 'Beauty and the Beast' presented by the second year and produced by Katie Froud and Mrs. Orchard. This was, in a way, a combination of the ideas used in the first two plays; a script was used to anchor the piece together, yet the production was flexible enough to include the huge number clamouring for a part. Nor were these extra parts used simply as 'fillers'; a concert produced to try and cheer became a talent contest in its own right, and included ballerinas, musicians and some well timed clowning and sand-dancing. Fiona Cater played with delicacy and poise, and the entire cast was united by a sense of enthusiasm and enjoyment.

As a somewhat experimental new venture the evening was undoubtedly successful; and the audience's enjoyment was enhanced, no doubt by the chance to talent-spot future stars. Thanks are due to Mrs. Senior who master-minded the catering, the production staff and to the large band of second and third formers, both on and off stage, who worked so hard and created such a strong base for future drama presentations.

J.C.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ

This year the School fared well again in the quiz run by the R.N.I.B. and also helped in their fund-raising activities.

The team was given a bye in the first round then went on to beat Princess Margaret Royal Free School before meeting Emmbrook in the county semi-finals. Last year Emmbrook beat us in the county final and came to meet us this year with the enviable reputation of being B.B.C. radio's 'Top of the Form' champions. We gave them a 15 point lead early on but pressed hard towards the end losing by only 4 points.

Sponsorship of the team raised over £30 for the blind and members of the School's sixth form worked hard on the Christmas collection at Slough Railway station where a record amount was raised.

The quiz squad: Michael Ball (Capt.), Mark Instone, Jonathan Williams, Gino Coccia, Adrian Greene, Lizzie Seetharaman, Jason Creak, Giles Kent, Andrew Kipping.

A.M.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Once again two teams were entered for the Rotary-run competition 'Youth Speaks'.

For the Upton Grammar School senior team the two veterans Nick Banurji and Khalid Barakat of the Lower Sixth were joined by Jenni Holmes (incidentally a first-time public speaker) a member of the Upper Sixth. The junior team was composed of Candy Davis, Guido Cresto and David Huckle, all Fifth formers.

We are pleased to report that Nick Banurji and his able supporters reached the Zone Heats this year. Nick's speech 'The game's the thing', in which he stressed the importance of taking part in activities rather than having to win, was well received by the audience and judges alike, and Upton Grammar School gained second place. But, as no team can score well without the supporting speakers, we must not underestimate the part played by Khalid Barakat and Jenni Holmes. Khalid's handling of the office of chairman was both efficient and humorous and Jenni discharged her vote of thanks duty, cheerfully and competently. We are especially gratified by their success when we consider that two hundred teams from all over the south of England competed in each age-group.

The junior team, too, went through to the Zone Heats and, although less successful in competition results terms, are to be congratulated for taking part and acquitting themselves so well. Opposition was fiercer than ever. Candy's speech 'What is 'sweet' about sixteen?' was humorous but there was no mistaking the underlying seriousness as she spoke of the trauma of growing up. She too was ably supported by chairman Guido Cresto and David Huckle, who proposed the vote of thanks.

All six are to be commended on their success and efforts and not least for their loyalty and reliability.

We are grateful, also, to Mr. Fallows for his encouragement and support.

O.H.

1st XI SOCCER REPORT 1983-84

This 1983-84 season has been what surely must be the most successful ever for a 1st XI from Upton (Slough) Grammar. For the side's first success one must look back to the Walsh Cup. In winning this we scored eleven goals and did not concede one, finally beating Eton College on a cold, but noisy night, at Stag Meadow, thanks to a goal from Michael Creighton. Having won this trophy Upton became the representatives for Berkshire in the National Competition, but with what must have been our worst performance of the season we lost 3-1 to Burnham Grammar in the first round. However, the team quickly put this disappointment behind them and got on with the job of winning other trophies. In fact, since that game, we did not lose a game winning all but two, which were drawn.

The Gibbs Cup provided Upton with another success. After a difficult quarter final, won 1-0, and an equally difficult semi-final, won 2-0, we beat Burnham Grammar 4-2 in the Final, the goals coming from Petrie 2, Day and Redrup. In addition to the excitement of winning the cups, we also had a very successful season in the league, including a 10-0 thrashing of Ashmead. However, at the moment the league champions are unknown as we are level on points with Forest.

Congratulations to Andrew Hannon, Warren Day, Michael Creighton, Christopher Stylianou and Simon Spence who have all represented the County U-19 side and to Michael Creighton who represented the County U-16 side. Also on behalf of all the team may I express my thanks to Mr. Inger for all the time and effort he has put into managing the 1st XI.

Analysis:	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
	28	18	3	7	84	27

Walsh Cup Winners, R.J. Gibbs Cup Winners, Berkshire League joint winners.

The following have played for the 1st XI this season:

SQUAD - Brooker, Delaney, Chandler, Anderson, Stylianou, Spence, Mason, Hannon, Redrup, Creighton, Harnett, Day, Clements, Petrie and Ratneshwar.

Top goal scorers - Day, 37, Petrie, 15 and Clements, 13

ANDREW HANNON 62M.

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2nd XI SOCCER REPORT

The 2nd XI, after a potentially promising start to the season, settled down to frustratingly indifferent performances, sometimes excelling, sometimes embarrassing. We seemed to be hit by more than our fair share of 1st XI call-ups (e.g. Mason, Chandler and occasionally Humphries and Ikram), play drop-outs, illnesses, and injuries (e.g. the captain's fractured skull), and yet also developed a knack of displaying all our dexterity and finesse (i.e. we ran a bit harder) for the local

/cont'd

2nd XI SOCCER REPORT (cont'd)

'derbies', as seen by satisfying wins over Herschel (3-0), Langley Grammar (5-3) and Burnham Grammar (2-1). Throughout the season sterling performances were given by Humphries and Lawson in midfield, Conroy in goal, Ikram somewhere up front and the regulars in defence - Spicer and Mumford.

I would like to thank all the lads for their continued support throughout the season, whilst the 2nd XI would like to thank all the Games Staff, especially the original manager, Mr. Kernaghan (R.I.P.) and his successor, Mr. Cuthbert, both of whom boldly attacked the task of conjuring a respectable team out of a bunch of lazy boys not quite good enough for the Firsts, just out for an afternoon's laugh

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
18	8	1	9	39	41

ROLAND HUNT. 62G.

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U-13 SOCCER

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
8	6	0	2	31	15

Highest scorers:- English - 10, Stuart - 6, Fox - 5, Buckley - 4.

U-13's Squad 1983/84 season: C. Stuart, D. Mason, M. Bergan, S. Tierney, R. Lewin, S. Tallon, N. Fox (capt.), A. Kipping, E. Chan, A. McGlone, A. English, M. Buckley, M. Mandozzi, H. Samra, G. Poole, M. Stevenson.

The season began rather poorly for the U-13 squad, being knocked out of the District Cup in the early rounds by Dedworth, when we were still trying to arrange the best team.

As the season progressed however, so did we and were able to go through the season winning 75% of games.

The most impressive win of the year was when we played a friendly at Langley Grammar. This was one of our better performances and we came away winning 9-3.

Next season we should continue to progress as long as we stay together after having a year of getting used to each others' game.

C. Stuart, R. Lewin, D. Mason, A. Kipping, M. Buckley, N. Fox and A. English were all selected for the district team.

Finally on behalf of all the team I would like to thank Mr. Gill our manager and also Mr. Inger.

NIGEL FOX. 2G.

U-15 SOCCER

Played	Won	Drew	Lost	For	Against
10	6	1	3	32	22

Highest scorers: English - 11, Fox - 5 and Watts - 4.

U-15's squad 1983/84 season: P. Tarn, D. Anderton, R. Inman, I. Edwards, T. Mandozzi, R. Craddock, L. Myhill, N. Fox (capt.), S. Watts, T. Spence, P. Urie, A. Santimano, S. English, R. Bhargava.

This season began rather discouragingly with the team losing our first few matches including our only cup competition after extra-time, being beaten by Langley Grammar the eventual finalists 2-1. This proved to be a repeat of last year's final.

Although the team never reached its full potential we finished on a peak, by being runners-up in the district six-a-sides.

The matches this year, though possibly disappointing in results, showed great team spirit and enthusiasm.

L. Myhill, R. Inman, S. English and N. Fox all played for the district side this year.

Finally, on behalf of the team, I would like to thank our manager Mr. Cuthbert and also Mr. Gill and Mr. Inger for helping with transportation.

NEIL FOX. 4G.

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U-16 SOCCER

Owing to 1st and 2nd XI matches the U-16 had very few games. All the games that were played were in the Cup. We started off the season by beating Windsor Boys 7-1, thus representing Slough in the county play-offs for the Associate Biscuits Cup. We reached the semi-final before going out 5-4 to favourites Little Heath. In the county cup we lost in the early stages to Easthampstead Park 5-2 in a poor team performance. We got our reward for our hard efforts by winning the Pusey Cup (the third year running) beating Herschel 3-1 in the final. In the first round we disposed of a pathetic Orchard side 4-1. In the semi-finals we beat Everham 4-0 in a very good team performance. Baynes and English (a fourth year) scored two goals each and Fox who is also a fourth year was particularly impressive. In the Final we came up against a physical Herschel side. Baynes followed up his two semi-final goals by scoring two more and Ratneshwar grabbed the other to ensure that the Cup came back to Upton yet again.

All the players would like to express their thanks to Mr. Inger for his controlled management and organisation.

Analysis:	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
	6	4	0	2	24	13

SQUAD: Delaney, Wells, Drew, Green, Anderson, Virdee, Harris, Creighton, Bedford, Whitehead, Duggal, Davis, English, Fox, Ratneshwar, Baynes, Inman.

MICHAEL CREIGHTON. 5G

GIRLS HOCKEY 1983-4 SEASON

To begin at the end. The climax of the season was the Inter House Tournaments - a series of keenly contested matches played with great enthusiasm, in many cases by girls not normally called upon to make the extra effort required by real competitive matches as opposed to class games. It was good to see veteran players of the sixth form coming out of retirement and playing with their old skill - if not quite all the old fitness and stamina. It was at the same time disappointing that none of this talent was available for School Matches.

We have a situation now where the number of girls in the school is quite appreciably smaller than in the schools with which we normally have matches. This means that the number of talented players will by the law of averages also be fewer. It is essential therefore, if we are to have a chance of beating our rival schools that the girls with the necessary ability realise their responsibility to the School and are prepared to give their time for practices and matches.

In the junior part of the school, the second, third and fourth years, the situation is more hopeful. There is quite a large group of enthusiastic players many of whom show great promise. If they can keep their enthusiasm and continue to improve at their present rate we should have really good senior teams in two or three years time.

We were unable to field a First XI this year, the first time this has happened in the history of the Schools, a situation much regretted. In the Under 16 team School Colours were awarded to Kirsty Stenhouse and Carol North. Carol Leavey, Claire Medlow and Sasha Bates are commended for their consistent support and enthusiastic play.

In the Under 15 team Junior School Colours were awarded to Navdeep Duhra, Carolyn Yule and Sarah Haugh. Helen Agyemang is commended for progress. Indeed the whole fourth year squad gave reliable support throughout the season and made a vital contribution to the success of the team.

The Under 14 team plays a sound game and the defence is very steady. All that is necessary is more aggressive and optimistic play in the shooting circle so that we can score some goals and begin to win some matches.

A very promising Under 13 team has played just two games and won both.

ANALYSIS OF RESULTS

Under 16	Played 7	Won 4	Lost 3	Goals for 11
				Goals against 6
Under 15	Played 4	Won 3	Drawn 1	Goals for 4
				Goals against 2
Under 14	Played 4	Drawn 1	Lost 3	Goals for 2
				Goals against 6
Under 13	Played 2	Won 2		Goals for 5
				Goals against 1

Indoor League Results

Under 18 'A' 5th	Under 15 'A' 2nd
Under 18 'B' 6th	Under 15 'B' tied 1st in 'B' division.

C.D.

DALE FORT - the CLASS OF '84

We drove through Wales with mixed feelings about the marathon ordeal ahead of us. We stopped a few times on the way, usually for some swift refuelling (the driver - not the minibus) and before reaching the field centre, we stopped off in the sleepy village of Dale. The village consisted of a handful of houses, about three shops, and a pub

The Griffin Inn played an important part in our survival of the week. After a short walk across the cliff tops (five times as dangerous on the return journey!) the Griffin provided a friendly atmosphere in which we could unwind, and complain about the work load. The publican in particular, welcomed us with open arms. This was probably because the Dale Fort students must have raised his takings by 400%.

Mr. Davies drove us up across the rocky terrain, along the steep winding road and we arrived outside the stern grey exterior of the Fort, all feeling relief at still being in one piece and eternally grateful for our lives then we went inside.

We were met by the Centre's Secretary and taken (by the ear) to our dormitories. The boys room was located in the cellars of the old Fort. The girls lived in sparse rooms with what few facilities they had, shared with the Durham boys. However, their humble dwellings were the scenes of many midnight feasts, with multitudes of cakes, sweets and biscuits - no wonder some of them were ill!

Meals at the centre were not too bad. In fact, we managed to survive for six days without chips. Someone also discovered a new delicacy - by accidentally dropping a fried egg into someone's cup of tea. The number of faces around the dinner table diminished day by day - whether this was a reflection on the food no-one knew, yet each day we seemed to lose at least one person by the wayside. Laryngitis was the illness of the week - it even managed to silence Elizabeth when we got back.

After our first meal, we met our tutor. Imagine a cross between a slave driver and a thinner version of the fairy, Mavis Cruet, from the cartoon "Willo the Wisp" and you have Juliet. She laid out the do's and don'ts of the centre's rules, the most important one being that we all had to be inside the main gates before they were locked at 11.15 - or there would be trouble . . . of course we all trembled with the fear of God, - until we realised, a few nights later that the little gate set in the larger one, was never locked - she hadn't told us that!

The purpose of our course - in case you wondered the reasoning behind this escapade - was to study Marine Ecology. Our first few days were spent counting and classifying organisms, and becoming familiar with the correct Latin terminology. Another morning was employed in mud wrestling championships, with students frantically digging for sand gapers, which rapidly pulled themselves deeper into the sand for safety. The students were badly defeated, though Geeta did manage to capture a foot. It was on a day such as this that Amarjit re-inforced her title as Marine Life Killer, spearing a sea urchin on the beach and suffocating a sea anemone in the laboratory (both unfortunate accidents - so she tells us).

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DALE FORT (cont'd)

One day was allocated to our own projects, and 25 eager students were released onto the Welsh Coast, with instructions to study what we wanted - as long as it would be suitable for presentation that evening. Many of the evenings were employed in heavy work, as Juliet wanted us to hand work in every day.

We did stop working once or twice (O.K. a few more times than that) one such example being Lawrence's birthday. After the traditional shower (fully dressed of course) he was marched out into the small courtyard and stood in front of the firing squad who were armed with rubber gloves filled with water. The point of firing looked like some elaborate film set, with the flashes from the cameras.

The week provided an ideal opportunity to examine Ecology naturally, trekking out each day armed with flasks, fluorescent water-proofs and rubber gloves (what could be more unnatural!)

A week such as this tends to make or break a friendship, and teaches us all some degree of tolerance.

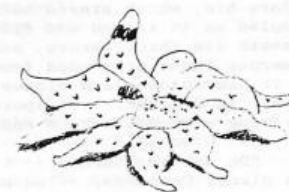
I think we can all recommend a course such as this to anyone and we would like to thank Mr. Davies for everything he did for us we really enjoyed ourselves.

ADRIAN BENBOW. 62M.

THE SEA SHORE

The waves crept slowly up the shore,
Like curling fingers pleading for more.
Seagulls swam in that blue lagoon,
Screeching an almost deafening tune.

The sand swirled around my feet,
Pulling me under its golden sheet.
No children played on these forgotten sands,
As if these were haunted lands



The sun glistened on the waves
Leaving me in a dazzled haze;
Rock pools looked like different worlds
Underneath the seaweed's curls.

I turned and slowly walked away -
Maybe I'll return another day
To these shores of loneliness
That have only seen unhappiness.

NICOLA WARD. 2G.

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TOGETHER!

World wide trepidation hailed the long awaited launching of AMERICA 1 intending to advance Man's vain attempts to conquer, and harness the infinite realms of the unexplored universe. From their childhood, Dave and Ron had been inseparable friends - they had grown up together, been to school together, and fulfilled their mutual lifelong ambition to become astronauts, together. So now, when Earth's first manned star probe blasted off for PROXIMA CENTAURI, Dave and Ron piloted it together. The journey through the void of space seemed timeless, tedious and uneventful.

Ron started as the "METEOR WARNING" signal suddenly flashed on the digital read-out panel. "We're heading into a meteorite shower. Quick! - activate the deflector shield."

A second, more emphatic signal, justified the beads of sweat trickling in the fissures of Dave's face. The tacit warning signal seemed to scream out at Ron and Dave - "IMPACT IMMINENT" as if its flashing throb suppressed the words it yearned to voice, almost mockingly. Painlessly, the collision of a fiery red meteor with the cockpit of the star-probe, brought immediate unconsciousness upon its two helpless crew members.

Ron's return to consciousness yielded cries of excruciating agony from his dry lips. His cloudy eyes strained from their sockets to focus upon the figure, looming at the foot of the bed. His dazed consciousness had also perceived the pungent, surgical odour of the room and he recalled the distant, but vivid, memory of recovering from his appendectomy in a hospital room at the age of twelve. Despite the agonizing strain on his facial muscles, Ron's eyes widened in horror at the sight before him, which stared back at him. His hideously contorted body rippled as it tensed and flexed the misshapen muscles and ligaments beneath its thick, brown, scaly skin during the curious movements it made. Numerous limbs protruded from its muscular body, Ron noticed curiously as it bent closer and closer over his own pain-racked body, cringing feebly in disgust. It spoke in audible and clear pitched tones, wavering with deliberate emphasis on particular words -

"Do not be alarmed. I am Doctor Krok. You are in hospital - on the planet Centurus. You owe your life to the skill of my colleagues. We salvaged the living organic remains from the wreck but, although your species is unknown to me, the anatomy parallels our own in many ways."

"Thank God I'm alive! But where's my co-pilot? Where's Dave?"

Ron's impatient anxiety for Dave's safety, and human companionship superseded his feelings of gratitude towards his repulsive saviour.

"Co-pilot? I do not understand - we found only your body in the wreckage. Now rest, I will return shortly."

At these words, Ron's hopes plunged into his stomach, as he was now left alone in the oppressive silence of the operating theatre. But as Ron struggled to stand up, gritting his teeth to subdue the sensation of pain overwhelming his body, he caught sight of his reflection in a full-size mirror on the opposite wall of the room, and in that split second he realised that he had found Dave.

Dave and Ron would be together - FOREVER!

CLIVE MISKIN. 61G.

THE DARK JOURNEY

Lightning struck the kneeling trees,
The wind tore off their heads
The execution was completed
By the roar of victory from the thunder
The clouds rolled in upon themselves
Heralding destruction in their dark folds.

Amongst this chaos a small car
Struggled up the hills and raced down again
like a small ship
Being tossed upon the waves
The driver's face showed no fear.
For his heart and body had one target.

Lightning flared across its path
Bringing fire to show its wrath
But embedded its fiery head
Into another kneeling tree
The car avoided the fiery path to death
But was engulfed in a dark hole of fate.



The driver, stunned and bleeding;
Picked up his broken body
To rise up again to his feet
To plead upon his fading will
And to run like a spurred colt.



Pain reaped his body; thunder roared
Lightning struck to try to halt this form.
But the form only stumbled.
Finally his goal he reached,
Bleeding and torn by the storm
and then the final blow came,
Not from the might now outside
But from the lifeless girl on the bed
And the cries from her mother.
The blade had finally fallen
As the father solemnly spoke
'She's dead. She's dead'.
Now the pain he did not feel
Only grief and failure washed away his
previous efforts
For he had failed as a doctor,
Or so he had in their mind.

WAJID HAMID. 3HA

THE HOSPITAL

The outside of the hospital looked cold and drab as we approached the imposing glass doors at the side. As we opened the doors we were greeted by a warm welcoming blast of air thawing our hands and faces from the chilly frost of the spring morning. Inside the reception area there was nothing to be seen, but two or three hard wooden chairs in one of which an old man was sitting, his head resting on his folded arms supported by an unsturdy walking stick. He was muttering quietly to himself. There was a strange smell of emptiness which seemed to seep out from the walls. A feeling of loneliness and doom came over me at this strange sight but was immediately forgotten as we turned right into one of the corridors.

There were nurses and doctors rushing about chattering to anxious relatives and visitors who sipped plastic coffee from plastic cups. Still I was struck again by an odd feeling of anxiety as I noticed, at a second glance, something I had not seen before, young and old people were wandering about shivering in their night clothes with lost, vacant and anxiety worn expressions. I had taken this route many times before to see the friendly doctors and was excited at the prospect of spending a couple of days of luxury in a hospital bed. I had visions of myself surrounded by fruit and flowers and drowning slowly in boxes of my favourite chocolates as handsome doctors rushed around the ward after my every whim

We found my ward in one of the older wings of the hospital - I didn't recognise it at all; it looked dull, gloomy and tired. The pungent smell of age and the decrepitude of the ward first repulsed, then frightened me.

The paint was peeling from the walls and the ceiling and patches of old water-stained wallpaper was still evident at one end of the ward. There was nothing new or cared for about the place and all hope and youth seemed to have left it long before.

We couldn't see anyone of any authority in the office as it was just before lunchtime and all the staff were preparing the patients for their meal. Eventually, the Sister in charge walked over to us:

"I think you must be in the wrong ward, this is for young babies and elderly people. But let me go and check, your name please?"

A feeling of relief passed over me at this news as I surveyed further the interior of the ward which sent a shiver down my spine. It reminded me of the last stage before death, the final resting place; even the area where the babies were looked after looked grim and old.

The Sister hurried back with an anxious expression: "Well, it appears that you are in this ward after all, bed number twenty two over by old Mrs. Williams. Come on then! Let's get you settled in before doctor comes round!" I looked at my parents but they both seemed immune to my state of appeal.

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THE HOSPITAL (cont'd)

My parents left me a few magazines, all of which I had flicked through with boredom. The doctor was very friendly and asked me if I had everything I needed while the Sister looked on with scorn as though we were wasting valuable time. Sister was a tall, thin and bony woman, rather tired looking with almost skeletal features like some of her more elderly patients. Her thinning grey hair was twisted in a tight bun and she wore no make-up except for a rather old-fashioned dash of red lipstick on her thin hard lips.

"It's all highly irregular," she exclaimed, "for a child to be admitted to this ward Doctor! We really must find another ward for her, before any of the more 'delicate' patients become distressed." She hesitated, "You know how children can be, especially in a quiet ward like this!"

"Don't worry about Sister," the doctor said after she had gone. "I'm sure you'll get on fine. Anyway you're not going to be here long are you?"

I was relieved by his friendliness and his last comment, but sighed at the thought of being trapped under the watchful eye of Sister.

The rest of the afternoon passed slowly. My boredom grew as did my dislike and apprehension of Sister who strutted past me throwing looks of distaste.

Suddenly I noticed the friendly doctor had come back again. I smiled but this time he was carrying a large selection of files and pieces of paper. He looked perplexed as he spoke in whispers to the Sister, who in turn looked at me with an even greater expression of distaste. In a moment my bedside sprang into activity: there were nurses peering at me and suddenly I felt my bed jolt and discovered myself being pushed out of the ward by a porter. In a state of confusion I looked around for the friendly face of the doctor but saw nothing but the endless tubular corridor ahead. We passed through a single glass door to the right of me and with a jolt the bed was brought to a halt. In rather a daze I looked around the room: it was very empty, very surgical, very lonely. I looked out of my glass cage into the corridor and saw Sister looking towards me as she was conversing with my friendly doctor.

"Really doctor, I hadn't realised the seriousness of the case. I have had the Theatre prepared: I think we ought to start soon . . . "

Suddenly he turned to face me, but what I saw was not the friendly smiling face of my doctor, but the evil scowl of a man, hidden by a palpitating mask. As my surprise grew into terror I noticed three or four other faces half-hidden by masks which breathed in and out slowly and hypnotically. I sat up in my bed as I tried to press myself back into the cold glass wall behind me. The whole room was filled with a deafening silence as my fear grew and I watched the doctor turn the door handle and step in. I could hardly move as he raised a hypodermic needle to the window and ejected some of the substance into the air. He took my arm in a firm grip: I felt the chilly prick of the needle as it touched my skin

JENNIFER HOLMES. 62G.

'ON SAFARI!'

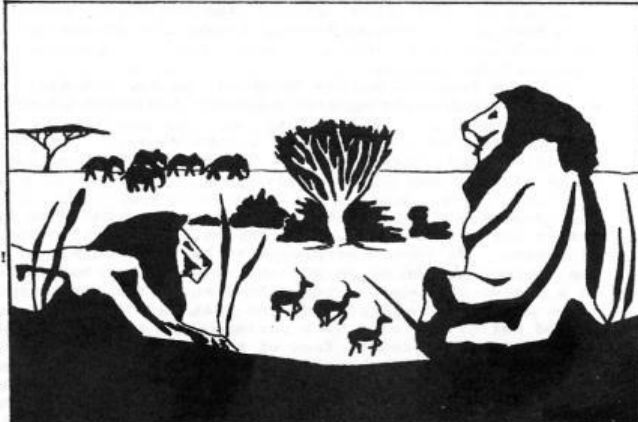
On December 17th 1982, my family and I boarded an aeroplane, bound for Tanzania, a country on the east coast of Africa. The country itself was beautiful, but perhaps the most memorable part of our stay was our trip "on safari".

It had been my intention for some time to be delighted and astounded by the view of wild creatures, roaming free in their true environment. On the surface it seemed that I was unbiased as to which creature I saw but in truth, I suppose I really had a leaning towards the lions. The spectacle of viewing a pride of lions on the kill, or even a mother with her young would be tremendous.

So we all piled into the truck and took the road to Mikumi National Park, some two hours drive from the coastal capital, Dar-es-Salaam. On the way we saw many wandering tribes, often in traditional dress, and were free to buy anything from a bunch of bananas to an ivory carving. As we neared the Park it seemed strange to pass signs of "elephant crossing", or "beware, wild animals."

Once inside Mikumi we took the rough dirt track which led us deeper into the Park and which would create for us the possibility of seeing the 'lions'. Excitement almost choked us all as we spotted our first animal. An elephant! Once our eyes had become accustomed to picking out the forms from between the trees, we were treated to the spectacle of herds of elephants, of antelope roaming across the plains, and of giraffes reaching for the highest branches. But still no lions! We saw thousands of chattering baboons, the valiant young males baring their teeth and screaming at the car as we passed, either in protection of the young or in a vain boast to the females. On arriving at a water hole after driving across much bumpy terrain, we saw, or rather heard the hippopotomi, squelching beneath the surface of the water. All we saw were a few solitary bubbles and the odd nostril poke above the water line.

But my attempts to see a lion had been in vain. I could not go home feeling disappointed however. I had seen such a rich array of beautiful wildlife and scenery. But we had not been ten minutes on the road driving towards the exit of the Park when my excitement reached its peak. Someone had shouted at the sight of a lion, and there it was. A lioness in actual fact, in full splendour under a tree, her coat gleaming in the last rays of the sinking sun.



SUSAN BURKE. 61HE.

THE SKIING HOLIDAY

It was the first time he had gone skiing. He was only six years old. He was sitting outside a cafe with his brother. They had spent the first day falling down and getting up. Now they were going to go back down the ski lift to the hotel. He could hear his mother arguing with his aunt because he was too small to go on the ski lift alone.

"You're far too protective of the boy: What harm can he come to if I go on the lift with him instead of you?"

"I don't know, he's only little, I just do not want him hurt," his mother replied.

"There you go again, you think I am incompetent don't you?"

"No I don't. All right! You take him!"

Five minutes later he was halfway down the ski lift sitting on his aunt's lap. As they were getting to the bottom he let his ski tips drop downwards. When they arrived at the bottom they were meant to ski straight off but his ski tips stuck in the snow, pulling him out of the chair. His aunt was pulled out after him and landed on his leg, breaking it.

His mother rushed him to the hospital where the leg was put into a cast. When she returned to the hotel her sister had packed and left. They haven't spoken to each other since.

JAMES DIXON. 4HE.

* * * * *

GOING UNDERGROUND

Pictures of women, flowing by,
Names of cosmetics catching my eye.

People rush by me, as in a race,
With soiled overcoats, brushing my face.

A surge of bodies forcing me by,
The turnstile, where the man sits, and the dead
tickets lie.

We reach the track, where people meet,
The train comes, people rush for a seat.

I think of the day, in the office, on the phone,
And then my mind floods with pictures of home.

JONATHAN WILLIAMS. 3G.

SUSAN'S MOTHER

The garden was large and immaculately kept. It contained a swing, which ours did not, and sometimes, in the hot summer, a paddling pool. I loved to go and play in that - our own garden at home was small and overgrown with no room for such things. This particular day was blazingly hot, which made the garden look more inviting than ever, especially as it was midday and the sun was at its hottest. The flowers seemed to be almost wilting in the heat and I longed to cool down in the pool.

This was actually my friend Susan's garden, although I wished it were mine. My mother had gone shopping but I had not wanted to accompany her as I was hot and irritable. It was her suggestion that I could stay at Susan's house for a couple of hours, to which I eagerly agreed. The only thing to mar this pleasure was Susan's mother, Mrs. Lomas. I did not like her and I sensed that she was not over-fond of me either.

From the pool I could just hear the adults talking. At first I did not take much notice, but then I realised they were arguing about me.

"I wish she wouldn't keep bringing that child around here. I know she's company for Susan but I'm fed up with it! I might have been planning to go out myself, or anything, but nobody thinks of that!"

"But you weren't going to go out," protested Susan's father. "Is it really that much trouble to look after two small girls? All you have to do is keep an eye on them."

"That's all I intend to do! I'm much too busy to run around after someone else's children. I only ever leave Susan with anyone else when absolutely necessary."

"That's not true. You leave her with neighbours whenever you can't be bothered to look after her. Anyway I've got to go back to work now or I'll be late."

"Yes, it's alright for you. You're not stuck here day after day with only a four-year-old child for company. You try spending a week at home sometime and see if you feel like 'taking care of her!'"

After shouting an angry goodbye, Mr. Lomas slammed out of the house. His wife followed him still arguing. She seemed to have forgotten our existence and stormed past without even noticing us. She followed him right out onto the street but then thought better of it and came back into the garden. She was so preoccupied that again she ignored us and left the garden gate wide open. From the way she slammed into the house it was clear that she was still angry.

Susan and I just looked at each other, shocked by what we had heard. I had not thought that adults ever argued. Anyway, before we could say anything, a big brown dog walked in through the gate. This distracted us both. I loved dogs and approached this one with my hand outstretched. He looked up at me warily and backed away. However I

/cont'd

SUSAN'S MOTHER (cont'd)

was not deterred and went closer. Just as I was near enough to stroke him, he leaped up and bit me on the face. I started screaming, and Susan joined in, almost as frightened as I was. The dog fled, terrified by all this noise.

Susan's mother rushed out to see what all the commotion was about. After some confusion she discovered that I had been hurt, and picked me up to take me into the house, Susan trailing us miserably.

"What on earth happened to you?" demanded her mother.

"There was a dog ... " whispered Susan, who was just beginning to recover from her tears. I screamed even louder.

"In the garden? But how did it get in? Our fence is too high for it to jump!"

"He didn't jump," replied Susan. "He just walked in the gate. You left it open after Daddy went to work and the dog came in."

"I didn't, did I? Thank goodness nothing worse happened. It's not like me to forget something like that. You didn't go out on the road, and meet the dog there, did you?" As we shook our heads, she looked very relieved. "It's lucky you had the sense to stay inside the garden. All the same," looking at me, "I don't know what your mother will have to say about this!"

By this time I had calmed down and was no longer screaming. I just stared. All she seemed to care about was what my mother would think and not that I had been hurt. It's all her fault! I thought. The dog would not have been able to come into the garden if she had not forgotten all about us and left the gate open. I knew my mother would never do anything like that, even if she had had something else on her mind at the time. I decided never to visit Susan at her home again, although I would never tell anyone the real reason - I hated her mother.

BARBARA STUBBS. 62M.

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A LINK WITH THE THIRD WORLD

It is part of our education that we should become aware of the needs of those around us and especially the needs of those less fortunate than ourselves. In order to help the School do this in a practical way, we have decided to adopt a child in Africa. This means that we send out £9 a month to help the child, his family and his village. We will receive and be able to send out, letters and information. We have sent off our first donation and we are waiting to receive the name of our child. Many pupils have already shown interest in this scheme and a number of sponsored events is planned.

M.J. Thistlewood.

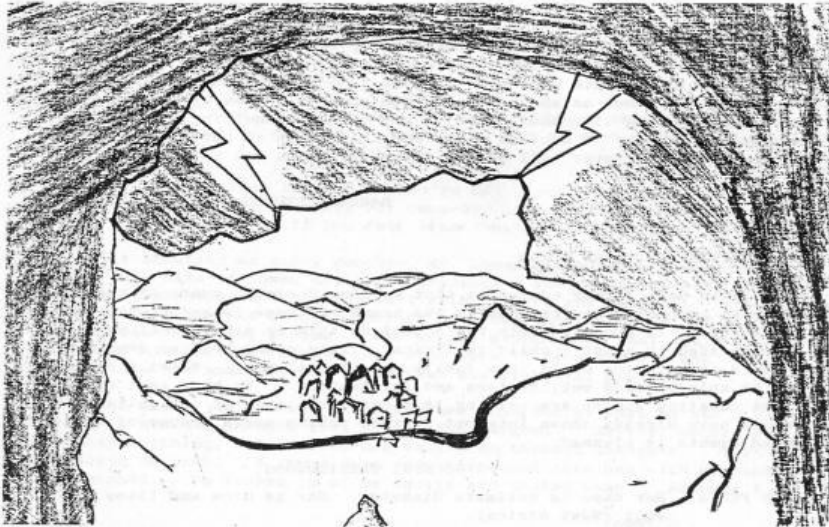
STOP PRESS: Her name is Salimata Diabate. She is nine and lives in Mali (West Africa).

"THE STORM"

The cows in the fields were the first to sense it coming. Something in their bodies could feel its humid power snowballing through the atmosphere. They lay on their knees and chewed with a nonchalant air which belied the force of what was about to happen. The people in the village were the next to know. They looked up at the shapeless black mass of the sky, crossed themselves and scurried off to the relative warmth of their hovels. The baron, stoking his huge fire place up in the manor, laughed the storm off with a scornful word and ordered lamb for dinner.

But somebody else knew it was coming. His own name was forgotten by all but his parents. He watched the clouds billowing through the crack in the wall of his cave. He felt the heavy atmosphere, watched the crows scuffling, heard the sparrows and starlings twittering. He was elated. High up on the tor, the cripple stamped out his already meagre fire, and began his long and lonely wait.

The cripple had been born twenty-two years before, down in the village. His parents were good and God-fearing people, and nobody could understand why they were cursed with a crippled boy. As a child, he was not neglected, but never received the love that a young child needs. He was treated like a tame bear, laughed at and spat upon. As a result, he grew up strange to say the least. He was moody, and although not stupid, his speech impediment made it hard to communicate. Soon after his sixteenth birthday, the village ceased to tolerate him, and he was exiled to the tor. He now lived on the scraps of food left by the village to keep him away, and as many rats as he could catch.



But now it was coming. It began at dusk with the first few drops of

/cont'd

"THE STORM" (cont'd)

rain dripping through the crack and waking him up. The village was tucked up. Small eyes peeped round in frightened ecstasy. Hens clucked in backyards. The only other sound was that of the trees whispering. Then the storm began. When the rain started gushing down, the cripple laughed in glee and clapped his hands, moving to a rock at the mouth of his cave, from which the panorama of the surrounding hills, trees and fields could be seen.

The first flash of lightning came, scissoring the sky with a strobe-light flash. The cripple gasped in wonder as it echoed through his eyes. As the thunder vibrated through the rock, his heart leapt for joy.

But down in the village, the people were not so happy. Children cried in their beds, old wives told tales of sour milk and angry elves. Humble pies were cooked in humbler kitchens. No one dared to go out on this night.

The cripple was now delirious. Spasms of joy and awe twitched down his crooked spine whenever lightning flashed; cries of amazement burnt his chapped lips whenever the thunder rolled. The rain slashed down, pelting his body and feet, and the very trees shook in fear as the wind grabbed them.

At last he could hold himself no longer. With a joyous shout he launched himself into the storm. It surrounded him as he ran, engulfing his flailing limbs. A spark of lightning outlined his destination - the peak of the tor.

He was there within seconds. Sopping wet, he stood panting on the rocky peak. There was a flash, an awful sizzling noise, and then nothing but the trees, the hills, and the storm.

ANON.

JOURNEY TO THE MOON

Five seconds to go, then off up there,
into the darkness away from this planet,
Leaving the lights behind me.

Everyone watching from way down there,
until the last light of the rocket engine disappears,
Then back to their homes,
Their safe, familiar homes.

When I get there what will there be?
I've seen the photographs,
But the Martians from Mars still come to mind
From the films that I once laughed at.

The moon is in sight,
cold and grey,
lonely and hostile,
But a thousand eyes are watching me.

RUPERT KNIGHT. 3HE.

Now the moment of truth,
My tiny craft touches down
A miracle of technology on
our planet
But will the planet's cracked
surface open up and swallow us?

THE BLUE BELT

It had been a long busy Saturday afternoon for P.C. Stone. He had been stuck behind his wooden desk for several hours. He sometimes felt as if he were in jail himself. That Saturday had been especially busy as there had been an important football match at the local ground. There was even more trouble on these occasions and several arrests made; these had meant work for him filling out forms

Now the station was empty apart from a few staff finishing their day's work. The only noise to be heard was the cleaner upstairs polishing the floors. He glanced at the clock: he had nearly two more hours to do before Simmons came on. He also noted that his mate Bill was due back off his beat soon. He always looked forward to seeing Bill. They would talk about everything. The family, the kids, and even the State of the Country and putting it to rights. This also made time fly for him.

True to form Bill walked in at seven fifteen, but, instead of walking casually over to his desk, he dashed towards the locker room. He only slowed down to say "Sorry mate! Can't talk tonight: I'm taking the wife out: it's our anniversary you know!"

"Oh that's OK; I'm busy anyway!" he lied. Even before he finished his sentence Bill was out of hearing range.

About half an hour later a small girl walked in, her long blonde hair flopped across her cheeks. She uneasily made her way across the solemn room, scared and untrusting. Upstairs the cleaner dropped something making the girl jump, her eyes full of fear. She looked as if she were going to turn and run out of the Station. To prevent this P.C. Stone said in a dry, emotionless voice: "what can I do for you miss?" Even his voice cutting into the now silent station seemed to alarm her. "Please, yes! There's this man he well, you know he's - " she blurted out, so fast that he hardly had time to decipher it. "Let's start again, slowly!" he said, "surely it was not rape?" She did not look as if she had been raped. This was all he needed; the paperwork to be done on a rape case was endless; he would not be home before eleven that night he thought. Purposely, he left a gap in the conversation: the station clock ticked. "He, he exposed himself to me at the train station!" she said after the painful silence. His first reaction was 'my goodness is that all?' then he analysed the girl's statement. 'At the station!' even a stupid perverted flasher would not expose himself there! He decided this pathetic figure standing in front of him only wanted someone to talk to. "Haven't you a home to go to little girl? Where's your mum?"

"Of course I've a home and my mum's there now but I - I don't want to worry her with this so I came to you" she said timidly. This only confirmed his theory. Why did they always pick the police? WHY? He slowly took the correct forms from his desk drawer. He began to ask the obligatory questions. "Your name, age and address." When it came to the description of the supposed flasher she was vague. The only thing she could distinctly remember was that he was wearing a beige raincoat with a blue belt from another coat.

/cont'd

THE BLUE BELT

(cont'd)

"Aren't you going to do anything about him?" she cried desperately. What did she expect him to do? Get the whole force out looking for someone he knew they wouldn't find? "Please you've got to find him!" she pleaded. The policeman snapped in response: "Do you think we'd find him now, after all this time?" He knew he should send a constable out. Even if there was a flasher to find he didn't want to fill any more statements tonight. He'd leave it for Simmons to deal with. "He's ambitious," Stone thought. "Let him earn his promotion!" He turned to the girl "Go home: I'll investigate the matter for you."

For the second time that day he had lied, he reflected. He lied to Bill and now to her; but perhaps she had made the story up? Such girls were a nuisance to the force!

The girl turned and walked hesitantly towards the door. She had not been reassured by the policeman's words and somewhere beyond the station door was the man whom she feared so much

She slowly, doubtfully, opened the door and peered into the dark gloomy street. She took one deep breath and flung herself into the street. Her footsteps could be heard inside the station but P.C. Stone did not hear the panic in the hurrying steps; he was busy preparing to get off duty.

A week later P.C. Stone was again on desk duty. He had ten minutes left to do when the police station door swung slowly open. In walked two people; Simmons, with a man in handcuffs. He was wearing a beige raincoat fastened around the middle with a blue belt. Simmons looked at him, but did not speak or even smile. He led his prisoner silently into the interrogation room.

ELAINE SMITH. 62M.

THE BUTTERCUP

In my hand I hold
A buttercup of gold
A brave and shining fellow
In his coat of yellow.
He nods his lovely head
Whenever other folk tread.
His stalk is a beautiful green
For he likes to be seen.
He waves gently in the breeze.
He brings you to your knees.
In my hand I hold,
A buttercup of gold.

MICHAEL BUCKLEY. 2 HA.

* * * * *

"WHAT WE DARE"

Reena sat by the window, staring at the people who walked by. She could see all kinds of people from different walks of life. She had spent all her life in Britain yet she did not know whether she was British or Asian, or whether she was from the West or the East. Her parents were relatively strict and the rest of her family were always prying into one another's business, like a typical Asian family.

Reena was going to be eighteen in a week's time. Her mother had told her last week that she had found a 'suitable husband' for Reena.

"Great, that's all I need," Reena said to herself, "a suitable husband!"

But what was she going to do about Bobby? She had been going out with him for one and a half years. Countless times he had told her that he loved her, but she did not know whether she loved him or not.

She kept on asking herself why Asian girls just accept their situation, when they are faced with an arranged marriage. Reena knew many girls who felt the same.

Reena said to herself, "Why do we Asian girls accept our arranged marriages? Why don't we retaliate when our parents say, 'Reena you are getting old and so we have found a suitable husband for you. Is that okay with you?' Why don't we say 'No it's not okay with me! I don't want to get married to any imported man whom I don't know a thing about, and whom I will be lumbered with the rest of my life! But they always say, 'Reena, it is for your own good. Say yes Reena and you will be so happy. We know it. Look at us, how happy we are!' Then I would say 'O bloody hell! You don't care do you? Do you think I have no feelings?!! Instead ... we say yes to our elders.'"

Reena bent her head against the window, and began to cry.

.....

Bobby tried to keep himself warm. The temperature was below freezing point.

"Where is she?" he said to himself. He was supposed to meet her at ten o'clock but now it was ten past.

"Damn that Reena," he muttered.

Reena had been walking slowly to the park, trying to put together a speech. "What can I say to Bobby?" she asked herself. "I could say, 'Listen Bobby, I'm going to get married to some bloke from India so I have to dump you. Okay? Goodbye!' No, no I can't say that! What on earth can I say to him?!"

"There you are Reena, what took you so long?" Bobby held her in his arms, and kissed her tenderly on her forehead. "Where have you been?" he asked.

/cont'd

"WHAT WE DARE" (cont'd)

Reena looked at him. "I'm sorry," she said, and she began to cry.

.....

Reena sat by the window, staring once more. She felt so depressed, and she thought about what had happened. Bobby had shouted at her and told her that she was mad having an arranged marriage. She had tried to reason with him, telling him that her parents wanted her to. He had called her backward, and said that this was England.

Reena realized now that he was only speaking the truth and that he loved her. What's more, she thought she loved him. She had to accept that as well.

But which way could she turn? She knew she had to respect her parents' wishes, and the laws of Asian society. But deep inside her, how could a girl, born and bred in Britain, have an arranged marriage? Anyway she loved Bobby.

"Oh God!" she screamed and bit her lip she felt so frustrated. She did not know which way to turn.

She felt like going up to her mother and saying, "Listen, Mum! I'm not having an arranged marriage! And that's final!!" But she also felt like saying to Bobby "Go away Bobby! I'm having an arranged marriage!"

What could she do?! What dared she do?! Reena put her head in her hands, and began to sob.

.....

There was so much noise. Everyone was dressing themselves in their new clothes. A beautiful aroma of Indian sweet and savoury dishes drifted to all the rooms.

Reena sat by her dressing table in her bridal clothes. Even though there was so much noise, she was in a world of her own. She began to put her make-up on, and as she was putting her lipstick on, she thought of Bobby. She sat motionless for a while, holding her lipstick.

"Reena, are you alright?" said her mother.

Reena turned around quickly. "Yes, I am; I'm fine."

"And are you happy my daughter?"

"Yes... Yes... of course I'm happy."

ANON

A WEIRD NIGHT

That night, I went to bed quite early. Not being able to sleep, I read for a while. An hour went by before I put the book away. I looked around my room at various models I had on display. I then fell asleep.

I was woken by a screeching noise. Sitting up I scanned the room. Something was moving. I reached for my bedside lamp, turning it on. To my amazement, I saw one of my model Spitfires flying about the room. On the ground were three tanks firing at a Phantom which hovered above them. The Phantom suddenly started a nose dive into the ground. The result was, one of its wings was ripped off and a shattered cockpit window.

From under my bed, where my brother kept his tiny toy soldiers, a group of soldiers ran out. Seeing me they scattered themselves, some climbing up my blanket. Picking up one of these soldiers between my forefinger and thumb, I examined it. The soldier lifted up its gun and shot at my forefinger. I dropped the soldier and examined my finger. Blood oozed out of a small cut.

A loud humming noise made me look up. I saw a large bomber. A dozen or so men jumped out of it. After a few seconds, small white parachutes opened and they glided to the ground. To my left, a mirror shattered as it was hit by a bullet.

Deciding to get out of bed, I put my foot onto the floor, pulling it back in pain. The ball of my toe was smeared in blood from a deep cut. Looking onto the floor, I saw my bed was surrounded by barbed wire.

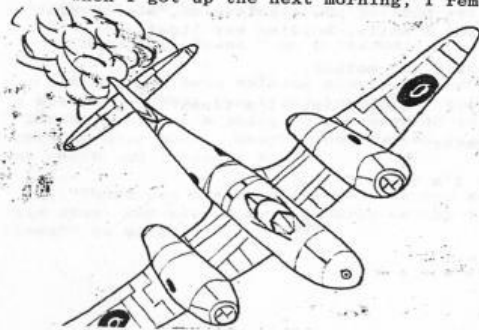
As a bullet whizzed past my ear, I looked upwards. Nine red Harrier Jump Jets flew towards me in formation, firing their machine guns. I hid, trembling, under the blanket.

* * *

When I got up the next morning, I remembered what had happened during the night. Looking round the room, I saw nothing out of order. I looked at the ball of my toe and finger. They both had cuts

ASHFAQ NABI. 3G.

* * * *



"ANNOYING FROGS"



Have you ever planned ahead for an important event so that every detail is known and nothing can possibly go wrong, and then it does?

It was a few months back when I was picked to run for 'overseer' at the local youth club - that is to be spokesman for the children and to complain on their behalf if anything didn't suit them

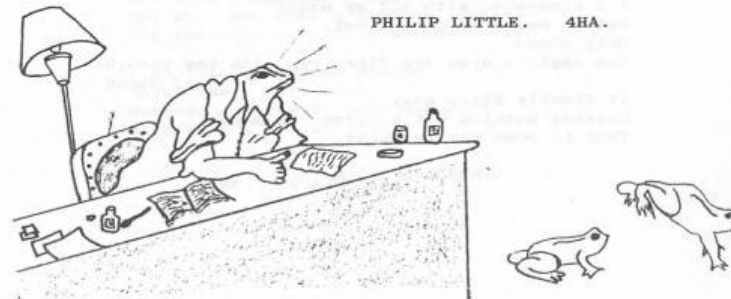
I decided to prepare my speech and as I had a few weeks I spent quite a bit of time on it and produced the obligatory speech, putting forward why I should be chosen. For two weeks I rehearsed the speech till I felt I knew it backwards. I was afraid that I wasn't speaking loudly enough so I began to get louder. This went on for hours and on the night before the election I spent five hours non-stop practising at a high volume.

Next morning I woke, but horror of horrors I had a king-size frog in my throat! I panicked for a while but then I decided to be positive. I went to the local chemists and bought every throat soother I could find. I spent the next couple of hours taking the various lozenges and soothing drinks, and croaking as I desperately tried to talk, until eventually I felt my voice coming back. Not having much time before the election I rushed to the club going over the speech in my head.

When I arrived (just in time!) I got up on the small stage (a chair) and began my speech. Soon after I began to speak the front row began to put on pained expressions and soon most of the small crowd were looking at each other with quizzical looks. Then I realised it was my breath! With all the stuff I had taken it stank terribly. I was booted off the stage and asked to 'vacate the premises until such time as I was not causing a disturbance'. I went home dejected and vowed never to overdo things again.

And the moral? Well it's obvious. "Too many croaks spoil the breath!"

PHILIP LITTLE. 4HA.



BIRDS

Darting, gliding, slithering and sliding,
They swarm through the air like bees to a hive.

Swooping, looping, dropping and regrouping
They come to rest in one endless dive.

Flying in the air like arrows from a bow,
They come from all angles flapping as they go.

Sparrows are the best ones they come in fleets and fleets
But when you come to scare them away,
They beat you to the trees.



NIGEL FOX. 2G.



TERROR

The great bird swooped down,
Its beak flashing like a scimitar.
The razor sharp claws opened and closed.
I tried to wriggle free
But the wooden stakes held me down.
Then the bird landed.
The very impact winded me.
Then the thirsty beak drunk deep
Tugging and pulling at my neck.
I'm screaming with all my might
But no sound is coming out,
Only blood.
The eagle's eyes are fiery red with the thought
of blood.

It finally flies away -
Leaving nothing but a large red mass,
Then in come the vultures.

ALEX BLACK. 2M.

THE CAR

Cruelly, they kick our innards and make us screech in terror
They kick our tyres, they kick our metal, if we ever make an error
They lock us in a metal cage, they leave us there to freeze,
But in the morning they heat us up, we never are at ease.
They drive us to a large screen and make us watch and stare
They eat their lunches in my hollow hole, they never do take care!
Through sun and rain, through sleet and snow, we always are outside,
We melt, we rust, we drip, till dusk, till the missus wants a ride.
Our wheels, they turn our exhausts, they burn, our lights are turned on
bright,

We cry, we moan, we sigh, we groan, if we ever might.
To them we are their servants, to them we are the stem,
But soon the tables shall be turned, and we shall master them!!!

MICHAEL AGTANI. 3G.

* * * * *

THE HOME COMPUTER

I am a home computer
I am the BBC
and if you want to play a game
I work on your T.V.

I've got a wet-proof keyboard
and seven colours too
and if the board gets broken
you can buy another new!

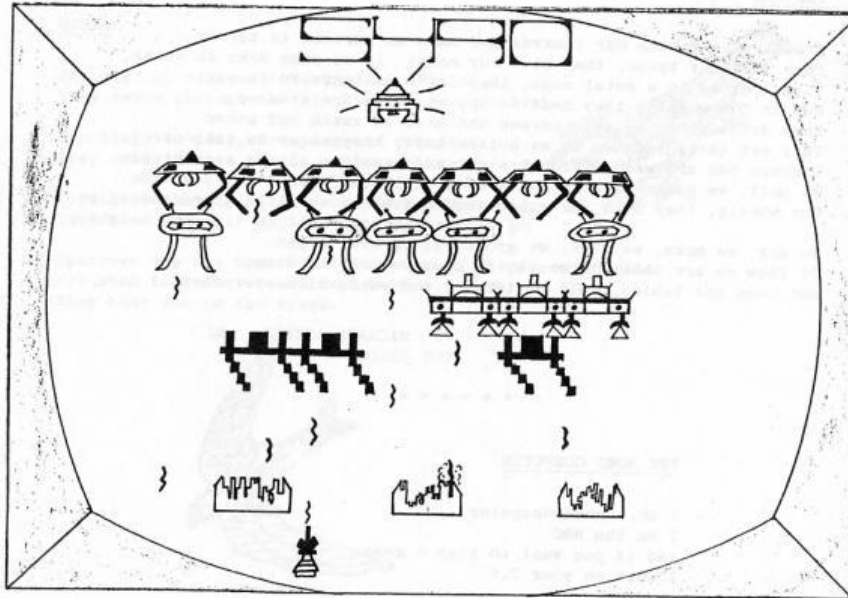
I come complete with joysticks
and also a game for four
and if you get bored with that game
you can always buy some more!

You can write a basic programme
and then programme a game
and then you draw a picture
and surround it with a frame!

I cost four hundred pounds
which isn't very much
because you can do your homework
with a very classy touch!

JASON CAMERON. 3M.

'SPACE INVADERS'



The little green lights
Dart across the screen,
Avoiding the deadly
Laser beam.
Beeps and buzzes,
Pips and squeaks -
That's the way
Computers speak.
Then one gets hit
And is blown up by
The red beams shot up
Into the sky.
If they hit the base
That's the end of the game -
Until someone
Starts playing again.

VIVIEN THORPE. 2G.

'THE TRAP'

Crispus Attucks was a slave. He lived and worked on the plantation of Bill Jackson, a Kentucky slave-owner. He used to be quite contented on the plantation, but since his master had sold his wife and baby son, he had lost the will to live.

He was flogged almost every day for working too slowly or not working at all. He slept in a cabin with four other male slaves. Every night, the overseer would come around to each of the cabins to see if everyone was where they should be.

One night, Crispus made up his bed to look as if he had been lying in it, and then he ran away. He ran through the countryside for as long as his legs would carry him. For days, he ran, all the time getting further and further away from the plantation. Anytime a carriage came past he would throw himself under a hedge or anywhere else that was safe.

By this time, Bill Jackson had put out a wanted poster for Crispus, detailing his dress and appearance. He offered a reward of 150 dollars and also gave an address, where anyone with genuine information could contact him.

After a week of travelling alone, Crispus met up with a poor white man. When he first saw him, Crispus broke out in a cold sweat and started to run: not fast, because the sweat was trickling into his eyes. He thought that the man had been sent by Jackson to find him and bring him back. Crispus was sure that the white man was not after him when he called him over and offered him some of his food.

The two men decided to journey together after that. They travelled through the country, and in the night they stayed in caves or under the shelter of trees. After two weeks, they had come to the edge of another town. Crispus hid just outside the town, while Ned Turner, his companion, went into town to fetch some food.

As he was wandering through the town, he spotted the wanted poster of Crispus. The price offered was more money than he had ever had in his life. He did not want to betray Crispus, but he could not resist the money. He sent a message to Bill Jackson, saying that he would set up a trap for Crispus. He informed him of where they were staying and told him to be there, the following night. Ned went back to Crispus and told him that they were not moving on for a couple of days. The next night Crispus was about to have a swim in a small river, when two of his master's men appeared. They grabbed him and tied a noose around his neck. Just before they left, dragging Crispus behind them, the two men gave Ned the reward money.

Ned looked at Crispus as if to say that he was sorry, but Crispus did not want even to look at him. Back at the plantation, the overseer flogged him until the skin on his back had started to bleed. He, also, branded him on his cheek with the initials of Bill Jackson.

The next day, Crispus was put to work on the fields. He had to use a large knife to cut the cotton down. He knew that he had nothing to live for anymore. He gave one final cry, before plunging the knife into his chest. Before anyone could get to him, he was DEAD.

DAVID LAKE. 5G.

WITH APOLOGIES TO LEWIS CARROLL

He thought he saw a rabid dog
jog-trot across the Square,
He looked again and saw it was
His mother's rocking-chair.
"When I can catch that thing," he said
"I'll fill it up with air."



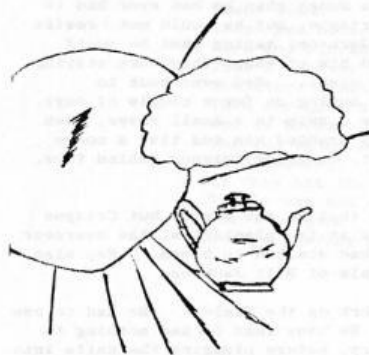
He thought he saw a temple
Take to its wings and fly,
He looked again and saw it was
a kettle in the sky.
"If she lands here today," he said
"I'll give her my pork pie."



He thought he saw a Jumbo-Jet
Beat rabbits at a race,
He looked again and saw it was
a river full of dace.
"If I was made Lord Mayor," he said
"I'd hit them with my mace."



He thought he saw a taxicab
Just stop and disappear.
He looked again and saw it was
A half-pint pot of beer,
"If I was not a bore," he said
"I think I'd go and leer."



MARK INSTONE. 4M.

"MY VISIT TO THE DRAGON"

I groped my way through the seemingly never ending folds of a huge silk curtain which hung across the entrance to the old man's room. As I emerged from the other side I began to regret letting myself be talked into this, coming to this 'mystic' who specialised in palmistry and hypnosis. Hypnosis! Just let him try and get near me with the old watch on a gold chain trick. I'd soon show him!

I was in the room but I was also nowhere. I could not see anything, except black darkness and the only thing I could hear was the chatter in the street outside and bells tinkling, gradually getting louder and nearer. They must have started the dragon procession and I was missing it! That was about the only reason I had come to China, to see the processions and carnivals and now I was missing the biggest event! I kept on walking but got no nearer to the light in the distance. The place wasn't as big as this surely!

Suddenly I stumbled and was pitched forward into the darkness and a slight scream escaped from me. Just as I screamed it seemed to start a chain reaction in the room. First a small gong was being hit at intervals of about five seconds and gradually a musical tune was built up around this, a very erratic, sparse tune which somehow cleared my mind of all thoughts and relaxed my whole body. Just as I felt my legs weaken and my body tip, a light came on above a large round felt-topped table and I saw a small wizened old man sitting down at it.

He beckoned me to sit next to him and pulled my hand in front of him. As he looked into my palm a burning sensation overcame me, with the centre of it in my palm directly where he was gazing! As his piercing eyes darted about, the music in the background grew louder completely blotting out the noise outside, and my head began to spin. I felt as if I was dreaming. The series of events followed so strangely. All around me the room was no longer black but the walls were covered in colourful silk drapes with birds and ornate flowers embroidered onto them.

The old man stood up but he seemed to grow as he rose and when he stood up he was well over seven feet tall and seemed to be changed completely. As I watched he hissed, 'I am the dragon' and all over his body orange flames flickered while he slowly writhed about, as if in pain. Horrified, I watched as his limbs moulded into his body and his face became scaled with a snarl spreading over his lips.

Suddenly he disappeared and the room became full of chiffon drapes, apparently suspended in air. From beyond them I could hear him hissing and was able to make out a few words. Slowly, with the music nearly drowning him out he said, "Leave here and the dragon will slay you."

He repeated it again and again and slowly the effect began to wear off my body, but my head was still spinning. Shaking with terror I fumbled through the drapes which never ended and began screaming as if I was crazy. Before I knew it I tumbled out on to the backstreet where the festivities were in full swing. The music and the voice of the dragon still rang in my head and I fell onto the road in the path of the dragon, a huge material monster with people holding and controlling it underneath. Screams rang out just as I felt myself dragged under the feet of the dragon and pounded by many feet. When the screaming finally stopped all I heard was,

"Leave here and the dragon will slay you"

EMMA HALL. 3G.

PARACHUTING

A deep breath of cold icy air
Last minute check of the clothing you wear:
Heart beating fast, perhaps in your mouth,
Stepping outside, and you're going down south.
Counting to ten, going too fast:
Earth getting nearer, ten at last.
Pulling the string, feeling quite light,
Safe once more, at a lower height.
Floating to earth, reality is back
You can't stay in the air, thrown down like a sack.

HELEN LEAVEY. 3G.



THE DREAM

My dream was floating high through the sky,
How lovely it was, looking down!
The fields, the towns, and a little fair,
Someone in a balloon passed me by,
My dream floated higher, higher through the sky:
I fell, I fell, down to the earth:
Someone was waking me.

STEVEN VANCE. 2HE.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE

Today I needed some glass jars for fruit-storing. The jars I needed were upstairs in the box room of my house, so I strolled upstairs to find them. I took a tray with me for easy carrying of the jars and after some time had built a collection of twelve, some large, some small.

Whilst on my way downstairs with my collection, I recalled the last time I carried a large amount of glass. It was in my younger days; I was about eight and being now thirty two I was lucky to remember this.

Anyhow whilst carrying the glass I tripped over, fell on the now broken debris (the glass had shot forward and now made a soft but sharp cushion for me) and I cut myself. There were deep cuts in both arms and my mother and father had to rush me to hospital so that the embedded glass could be removed and my arms stitched up. I had to stay in hospital overnight and I dreaded every minute of it. It was the first time I had been left alone with unknown people around me; from then on I was to dread hospital for the rest of my life.

Carrying the jars downstairs I took extra care in case I might fall and the same thing happen. But whilst pondering the tray slipped from my grasp and fell knocking a couple of pictures off the wall and the jars smashed at the bottom. Whilst clearing up I cut myself on some glass; then I got a dustpan and brush to clear the rubbish. Whilst pulling the brush off a hook nailed to a board, somehow the board fell hitting my hand and grazing it quite badly. I left the board and went on to the dusting.

When finished I moved backwards and stood up to see if I had missed anything and in doing so walked backwards into the grandfather clock we've got in the hall and I banged my head. On further examination with the help of a mirror I found I had cut myself quite badly. A friend then knocked and wondered if he could chat; I had not seen him for some time and let him in. He saw what was going on and helped me finish clearing. Whilst talking I gathered a few more jars and this time survived walking down the stairs.

I then made a cup of coffee for the two of us and I burnt my hand on the kettle. After finishing the cup I got out my stool to reach up to the top cupboards to make room for the jars.

I banged my head on the cupboard whilst getting up producing a lump to be a companion to the first. When up, I slid the cupboard door across and jammed my fingers. I moved a few pots across and saw a rod in the back and decided it should not be there, so I tried to pull it out. It seemed stuck at first but after a firm tug the rod flew loose and stuck in my eye. I fell backwards, one thing you should never do on a stool and I fell down; breaking my leg.

My friend after hearing my screams of agony phoned the hospital and I was driven to casualty and had my leg put in plaster. I spent a week in hospital.

All this after just getting a few jam jars. Well, as they say, Blunders will always increase!

PAUL WILSON. 4HA.

"THE FINAL INGREDIENT"

It was dark, Suddenly the ringing of an alarm-clock shattered the silence in the bedroom. The figure in the bed leaned forward, stopped the alarm and then relaxed back into the bed. After a few minutes, he rose, and made his way to the bath-room. In the bath-room, whilst brushing his teeth George pondered upon what the day might hold in store for him. Bullying? Most certainly. Extortion? Of course. Degradation? Yes. These were all usual; he had now become used to them. They had become features of his life and he accepted them as inevitable.

In the bus, George sat next to a large lady with a puppy in her hands. Suddenly the bus stopped at a request-stop to allow three boys, who went to the same school as George, onto the bus. Dan Railton and his "friends" walked over to where George was sitting, picked him up by the collars, and dragged him to the rear of the bus. "Hi" said Dan in a menacing tone. "Can you lend me some money please? I seem to have left mine somewhere."

"But I've only got my lunch money," said George. He was quickly silenced by a punch in the ribs and ruefully he handed over his money.

As he was entering the school building he heard a shout. "Oi Grotface." George turned around and saw a group of boys from his year standing near a fence.

"Yeah?" said George.

"Do you believe in re-incarnation?"

"Not particularly" said George.

"Well I do, and I believe that if you sin in this life you get punished in the next."

"So what?"

"Well you must have done something really bad to get a face like that." The boys laughed, but George turned away. At lunch-time George sat in the playground as he did not have any money. One of the teachers, Mr. Johnson walked over to George and said "What's up? Aren't you hungry?" George said nothing but looked down. Mr. Johnson understood and said "Oh George, not again? Why don't you make a stand for yourself. Once you fight back these bullies will leave you alone. You ever seen them pick on someone who fought back?" George shook his head. "Well there you are then" said Mr. Johnson and walked away. George thought about this and decided that he would fight back. Next time he was confronted by Railton he would fight back.

At home-time as he was walking home, Railton and his friends walked up behind him and kicked him in the back. George fell forward. He then got up and swung his fist straight into Railton's jaw. In a minute Railton's friends had grabbed George's arms and Railton started to give him a merciless physical beating. Suddenly one of the friends said "Someone's coming" whereupon Railton took off George's glasses, snapped them in two and ran away.

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THE FINAL INGREDIENT (cont'd)

A man went over to George who was lying on the ground crying in pain. He picked up George and in between his sobs the man managed to extract the whole story from him. The man stopped and thought for a while then, he took a very small silver bottle from his pocket and said "When I was young, I lived in China with an old man. With him I found the secret of ultimate power. In this bottle is a potion. When you drink it you will become the most powerful man on this planet for ten minutes. This is the last dosage of the potion, use it only when absolutely necessary. I will see you later." George walked home bewildered, clutching the potion to himself.

The next day George felt different. He did not ponder upon the misfortunes that the day held in store for him. He was ready; he was prepared.

In the bus he again sat where he had sat the previous day. Railton and his cronies, as was usual, took his money. George did not care, he gave them the money. At school he listened to all the degrading remarks made about himself. He did not wish to give any warning of the cold anger that he now felt. After school Railton and his friends approached George and intimidated him into the corner of the playground. Railton said "I still have to finish from yesterday." George said nothing but trembling, took the bottle from his pocket and drank the contents as Railton's friends made to hold his arms. "What was that?" asked Railton. "Probably his cod-liver oil" said one of his cronies.

Suddenly there was a roar and George leapt up, his eyes blazing. He picked up the first of Railton's cronies and smashed him against a wall. He began beating the second crony and within minutes he too was slumped next to his friend, covered in bruises and blood. George turned his attention to Railton who was standing prostrate. George viciously punched Railton in the solar-plexus and as he doubled over in pain kicked him in the face. He began to punch and kick Railton until he sank down onto the ground writhing in agony.

Suddenly a teacher ran up to George who was now sitting down on a step puffing heavily and the three bullies got up and started to search the playground for their teeth. The teacher looked at the scene in the playground and then at George in amazement and told the bullies to see the headmaster the following day. George was to see the head the day after that.

Two days later George was sitting in the headmaster's office re-telling his story: "... And there you are sir" said George. The headmaster stood there with his mouth wide open.

"But don't be ridiculous boy, no such potion exists."

"But I drank it sir and look what happened!"

"What was this potion made of? asked the headmaster.

"I thought about that too, so I asked him when I met him the day after."

/cont'd

THE FINAL INGREDIENT (cont'd)

"Yes?"

"Well he said the potion was made of three ingredients. The first was water, the second was sugar and the third was "

"Yes, boy what was the final ingredient?"

"Well sir, this is the part I didn't understand."

"Well go on then."

"He said that the final ingredient was faith! What did he mean by that sir?"

The headmaster said nothing but simply stared out of the office window.

RAJESH SHARMA. 4HE.

WITHOUT YOU

Without you the stars would collide,
and my only ray of sunshine would have died.
Books would no longer be worth reading,
and signs would not say where roads are leading.
Egg Macmuffins would have no taste,
and Polo mints would be crunched in haste.
Roses and daffs would never grow,
my best friend would seem my greatest foe.
The stuffing would fall out of all my pillows,
and streams would no longer be full of minnows.
The telephone would never ring,
and not for me would nightingales sing.
Homework would always be too much,
And English would turn to double Dutch.
"Top of the Pops" would no longer be on telly,
and no-one would make strawberry jelly.
"Our Price" would be shut for good,
And Einstein's Law would not be understood.
My Bowie poster would fall off my wall,
and Rolls Royce cars would always stall.
The animals would leave London Zoo,
as you see, there's no fun without you.

LINDA KIDD. 61M.

* * * * *

AFTER THE STORM

Heaven has let out its pent-up emotions,
that were suppressed under the white stillness of the morning,
By weeping out tantrums of drenching rain.
But now there is nothing left except a few drops
that plop from roof edges or trickle through pipes into thirsty drains,
Or rest on red roses, their petals like velvet cloaks
Burdened with plump silver sacks.
An out of place passer in a navy blue mack
with a stripy umbrella and shoes that are black
looks artificial and as if cut from a magazine
and put against the open blankness of a silver-blue electric screen.
The strong-smelling earth squelches ready to burst under feet.
The sky is rinsed of all its troubles and is now a clean sheet.

JANE OSBORNE. 3M.

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THANK YOU.

In this year's copy of the magazine, we have again combined both School and anthology items, which are enhanced by some delightful illustrations. As always, a great deal of effort, generally behind the scenes, has contributed to an issue, which we hope you will enjoy.

My thanks go to all who so willingly contributed, when requested to do so, from many different areas in School, both prose and art work - to Mrs. Mercy - and most especially to Mrs. Whatling, whose professional expertise and invaluable help are much appreciated by the editor.

M.A.D.

* * * * *

THIS IS

THE
END



THERE IS NO MORE.

